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SPECTATOR OF BOOKS.

THE LATE ROYAL COURT.

Fitzgeorge. A Novel. 3 vols. E. Wilson. WE give this novel precedence, on account of the exalted rank of its hero; for who can help discovering, under the feigned name *Fitzgeorge*, the real King George the Third, with his royal spouse as *Lady Fitzgeorge*; their son *Augustus* being his late most gracious majesty; when, with Fox for *Leppard*,—Sheridan for *Drury Borrowman*,—Pitt for *Graves*,—Brougham for *Birch*,—Beau Brummell for *Sir Nicholas Bobadil*,—Mrs. Robinson for *Juliet*,—Mrs. Fitzherbert for *Emily*,—Lady Jersey for *Mrs. Jernigan*,—Queen Caroline for *Lady Louisa*, &c. &c., we have all the public characters of the last generation brought before us. The author's style is blunt and entertaining, though his humour sometimes carries him too far. He is doubtless a thorough-bred radical, and vents his spleen in droll and cutting sarcasm. As all the incidents which he describes are more or less vividly in the remembrance of our readers, and as the work is likely to cause a little momentary interest in the world of letters and gossip, we shall extract a few passages without comment.

Royal Embarrassment and Parental Policy.

"While *Fitzgeorge* and *Emily* were living in an enviable and envied splendour, and the eyes of the world were fixed upon them in a gaze of admiration, Lord *Fitzgeorge* and Mr. *Graves* were watching their progress, and observing with no small degree of satisfaction the accumulation of embarrassments. Every particular was conveyed to Lord *Fitzgeorge*; every model and every plan, every device and every extravagance; and with the follies, as he called them, of his son the old gentleman would make merry.

"The world looking on the two parties, father and son, and comparing the splendid and extravagant mode in which the son lived with the penurious and unostentatious way in which the father lived,—comparing the wit and levity of *Fitzgeorge's* companions with the wisdom and gravity which distinguished Mr. *Graves* and the company who generally visited Lord and Lady *Fitzgeorge*,—comparing also the piety of Lord *Fitzgeorge*, who went to church very much and said his prayers very loud, with the negligence of *Augustus*, who not frequently went to church, and when he did, made no more noise than the rest of the congregation,—comparing also the attachment and fidelity of Lord *Fitzgeorge* to one woman not remarkable for wit or beauty, with the

changing and ranging attachments of *Fitzgeorge* to various individuals remarkable either for wit or beauty, or both,—the world contemplating all this antithesis in the character of father and son, thought that there was a complete contrast between the two, and that it was impossible to approve of the one without disapproving of the other, and that it was equally impossible to blame the one without praising the other. But there were some people who could and did see that the difference between father and son was rather nominal than real, and more superficial than substantial. It was clear enough to those, who would observe, that both father and son were exceedingly self-willed and decidedly selfish, and that the moving principle in each was differently modified, but of equal moral merit or demerit. If *Augustus* was lavish in his expenditure, it was in pursuit of his humour; and if Lord *Fitzgeorge* was careful and penurious, it was also in pursuit of his humour. If *Augustus* parted with money, it was because he liked to part with it; and if Lord *Fitzgeorge* put change for sixpence into his pocket, it was because he did not like to part with it. If Lord *Fitzgeorge's* penuriousness did any one an injury, it was totally unintentional; and if *Augustus* by his extravagance conferred a benefit on any one, that was also as unintentional. Their moral tastes were different in manifestation, but alike in their roots and origin. They pleased themselves, or at least they endeavoured to do so, but were not always successful; they were often angry with themselves, and then fancied that they were angry with one another; for no man is very angry with another who is not angry with himself. If a man be at ease within he is at ease without; it is only when there is something not right in a man's own mind, conduct, or concerns, that he is mightily angry with others. Lord *Fitzgeorge* was not very well at his ease in his own ostentatious devotion, and therefore he was angry with his son for a lack of devotion. Lord *Fitzgeorge* was not at ease in matters of a pecuniary nature, and therefore he was shocked at the abominations of his son's extravagance; and it may be strongly suspected that it was was not merely a sense of his own domestic bliss that urged the father on to importune the son to marriage. We do not ordinarily find that they who are perfectly satisfied and happy in their own situations are very restless in urging others to come into the same situations. The monkey who had lost his tail took great pains to persuade others to part with their tails, but they who had not lost their tails did not make so great a fuss with their at-

tempts to induce others to keep their tails. Lord *Fitzgeorge* perhaps was not weary of the marriage yoke, and his life perhaps had not been positively imbibed by it; but it was not quite so sweet as he endeavoured to persuade himself that it was, and therefore he wished to make himself believe that it was happier than he had recognised it to be, even as they whose faith is doubtful are exceedingly anxious to gain proselytes to keep themselves in countenance.

"Now Lord *Fitzgeorge* was somewhat pleased to find that this step of his son, in contracting a private marriage, had brought him more completely into the toils that had been laid for him: for the father knew that his son would never be so mad as to plead this concealed marriage as a valid bond, preventing his marriage with another. Lord *Fitzgeorge* knew well enough that his son would not sacrifice his title and estates for the sake of any woman, how fascinated soever he, for a time, might be with her; and this pious nobleman, notwithstanding all his pretence to religion, would have no scruple whatever in urging his son to a violation of the laws of God, by contracting a second marriage, when and while his first wife was living. Nay, rather did this man of affected conscientiousness mightily rejoice in the almost certainty that the expenses and embarrassments of this concealed marriage would compel him to submit to a public marriage. The sincerity of a man's religion can never be ascertained while a compliance with the dictates of that religion runs in a line with his own humour, or subserves to the purposes of his own interests; but the moment that religion induces an actual self-denial, an opposition to a man's humour, there is seen the sincerity of obedience, and then is manifested the strength of principle.

"The pious Lord *Fitzgeorge* rubbed his hands and smiled, and said—'Ha, ha, I thought so,—thought so,—knew what it would come to,' when the solemn Mr. *Graves*, with a solemn face, informed him that the Hon. *Augustus Fitzgeorge* was in difficulties again.

"'What do his debts amount to?' asked Lord *Fitzgeorge*.

"'They are variously stated,' said the crafty steward.

"'Variously stated?' echoed his lordship; 'nonsense, Mr. *Graves*, nonsense! Don't tell me about various statements. It is your business to know the exact amount. I tell you what,—let him go on,—let him go on, till there is no possibility of his paying them by any retrenchments out of his income. And can't you persuade his creditors to annoy him by their importunities: set

them at him in the park and in the streets, let them drive him away from his public haunts, and interfere with his vanity when he is displaying himself in public. If he goes to the theatre, let some of his creditors get into the next box, or into the pit immediately beneath him, and let him hear them talk loudly.

" 'This will look like persecuting him,' replied Graves.

" 'No doubt,—so it is,—he ought to be persecuted; what else does he deserve? I was never so extravagant when I was a young man. I married as soon as my mother bade me to marry, and took up with the choice that my mother made for me. Augustus has father and mother too to make a choice for him; and yet he has the impudence to despise and neglect both. He shall marry,—I am resolved he shall marry.'

" Fitzgeorge's creditors were not with any great difficulty persuaded, by the situation of affairs, to urge for payment of their numerous and increasing demands. They had held back for a while, and continued to supply goods to a great amount, because they would not lose a good customer. They had been afraid of using any importunity, lest it should recoil with injurious effect on themselves, and deprive them of business. But the accumulation of debts rendered it absolutely necessary that some steps should be taken to procure a liquidation of them. It was in vain to apply to Fitzgeorge's steward, he had no means to meet their numerous and deep demands; and it was in vain that the steward made his personal application to Fitzgeorge himself, for he had no means whereby any satisfactory answer could be given to such application. Letters were sent, but letters were easily burnt; and it was considered far better to burn them without opening them, than to waste time in perusing words that were not very pleasant to read, and which, in all their various modifications, only meant one and the same thing. As letters were sent in vain, the next resource was personal application. The porter, indeed, could keep the impertinent people out of the house; but there was no power that could prevent these same people from waylaying Fitzgeorge in the streets, and forcing in person their demands upon him. They knew, indeed, that he had not wherewithal to pay; but they were in hopes that, by provoking and annoying him, they should compel him to some scheme whereby their silence might be purchased."

Royal Obesity.

" About this time arose another and serious trouble, manifesting on how slender a thread hang all the delights and joys of the mere sensualist. It was a calamity to which, in the hours of dejection and low spirits, he had been frequently looking forward, but which was too painful to be contemplated with any steadiness of attention or definitiveness of purpose. Against it he knew not how to arm himself, and when it should approach he knew not how to remedy it. Sad, indeed, are those calamities which the mind has not patience to endure nor skill to cure. In a word, Fitzgeorge

was growing corpulent. The word "fat" sounded so awfully in his ears, that he could scarcely bear the contemplation of any thing that reminded him of it. Yet he could not abstain from the pleasures of the table, nor could he withhold his libations to Bacchus. Poor man! he had all along been aiming after that which he found to be unattainable, to gather all life's roses, and to be annoyed by none of its thorns. He saw his friends and neighbours, his companions and coevals, spreading out into broader dimensions as time advanced, and in proportion to their respective devotions to Ceres and Bacchus; but he forgot that he was living under the same condition, and exposed, of course, to the same misfortune.

" It is said that, when the fact was first announced to him by one of his tailors, in the most guarded and delicate terms, the shock came upon him like a thunderbolt. He was at first silent, then incredulous, then in a paroxysm of rage, which frightened the poor tailor almost out of his wits. The tailor had for some time suspected the fact, and had endeavoured, by gradual and very minute enlargement of each successively formed habiliment, to meet and to conceal the evil. Not a word had been said about new measures, not a hint had been thrown out about any variation in the size of that graceful figure, which any tailor might have been proud to adorn; but, in the lapse of time, it became indispensably necessary that a change of measures should be adopted. Change of measures is, indeed, an expression of deep import. It is a serious subject to be contemplated by despotic princes, and favourite ministers, who are greater favourites with their masters than with the people. But change of measures is an expression, which, falling from the lips of a tailor on the ears of a dandy, is awful as thunder, bitter as gall:—

" 'Fierce as ten furies, terrible as hell.'

" 'Change of measures!' exclaimed Fitzgeorge, as soon as the first shock of the announcement had a little abated, 'impossible! absolutely impossible! You never said so before.'

" 'But sir,' said the tailor, 'I have observed the necessity for some time, and in cutting out I have made some little allowance for general enlargement of the figure. Give me leave to convince you.'

" 'Convince me!' cried Fitzgeorge; 'not all the powers of earth shall convince me! Sirrah, you are tired of working for me, and wish to provoke me to dismiss you. Send in your bill.'

" The tailor bowed most reverently, and said—'I have, may it please your worship, a great many times.'

" Fitzgeorge did not hear this last sentence, but proceeded, saying, or rather muttering to himself—'Enlargement of figure! enlargement of figure! What does the fellow mean?' As he spoke, he raised himself arrogantly up, perpendicularizing the spine, and casting his eyes downwards towards his toes, and sadly conscious that he could see more of his waistcoat and less of his shoes than he had been accustomed to see in the days of his youth. For Juliet,

Isabella, and Emily, deserted and spurned one after another, he never raised so deep a sigh as he did this moment at the thought of his own enlarged corpulency. This seemed to be the very climax of his sorrows; having suffered so many afflictions and annoyances in the course of his life, now to have them all crowned with fat, was really too much; he could almost have found in his heart to sit down and cry; but, upon second thoughts, he considered that it would be undignified to sit down and cry in the presence of his tailor, so he let the man take his measure. He consoled himself, however, with the thought that he might be able to discover some remedy for the dreadful evil; or, at all events, if he could not reduce himself to his pristine slenderness, he might be able to prevent the evil from increasing.

" He was observed by Mrs. Jernigan, on the evening of that day on which his tailor had announced the fatal intelligence, to be remarkably dull and low-spirited. He scarcely ate any dinner. Several of his favorite dishes, cooked with the utmost accuracy, were sent away untouched. The superb Madeira, which formerly had diffused such a radiant gleam of satisfaction and delight over his interesting features, now was neglected; while the thin Bursac, of which he had been wont to speak so disrespectfully under the epithet of French small beer, received all his attention, and he almost wished it to be a little nearer to vinegar and water than it really was. Punch, which he used to make for himself, and sweeten with a liberality which would do a West India planter's heart good to see, he now composed with such a villainous admixture of water and lemon-juice, that Mrs. Jernigan was forced to put a little more brandy to it before she could drink it."

Palace Building.

" The purse of Lord Fitzgeorge being now more at the command of Augustus, almost, indeed, as much as if it had been his own, he resolved to enjoy himself to his heart's content, if possible, in constructing some superb mansion, with which he might be proud to identify his own magnificent self. Architects came around him, trying if they could do for his mind that which the tailors had done for his body; that is, to fit it to a nicety. Fitzgeorge was not the best calculator in the world, in any sense: he knew that his architectural desires were boundless, and it appeared as though he imagined that the wealth of Lord Fitzgeorge was boundless too. What strange notions some people do get into their heads with respect to property, seeming to imagine that small incomes require a great deal of management, and that large incomes require none!—just as though it were easier to navigate a man-of-war than to row a skiff! The truth is, that he who has little knows what he has, and that he who has much does not know what he wants.

" Committees and councils of taste were assembled, and many were the learned discussions on Gothic, Grecian, Italian, Egyptian, and Chinese architecture. There

were already several mansions, the property of Lord Fitzgeorge, and presently likely to become the property of Augustus, besides those which were his own, exclusively and independently. So it was a matter of doubt and debate whether a new one should be built, or whether some extensive and important alterations should be made in the old ones, or in any one of them.

"Perhaps Fitzgeorge was never more happy than when thinking how happy he should be when some ingenious and splendid architectural design should be put into actual brick and mortar, gilding and stucco. Blessed be the memory of the man who invented pap fronts for palaces, and made brick walls look like stone for ten minutes, or thereabouts, by means of plaster, paste, pap, or some such marvellous succedaneum! Say what we will respecting the trowel style; it has given many a throb of delight to the bosom of Augustus Fitzgeorge. He has spent some of his happiest hours in looking over the well-drawn designs of buildings, some of which might one day or other be his. Say, that by the time that the mansion might be completed, that Fitzgeorge might be nearly ready for a mansion that knows no feast save that of the worms. What then? Is that any reason that it should not be built? Certainly not. The eating of a hare is not such good sport as the catching of it; and the possession of a fox is not so pleasant as the riding after it. Fitzgeorge thought that his happiness would be in dwelling in a house constructed according to his own taste; but the fact is, that his happiness was in thinking what his happiness would be.

"While Fitzgeorge and his friends, assisted by divers dexterous artists, were meditating on the various devices which had been submitted as eligible, more eligible, or most eligible, the venerable Lady Fitzgeorge died, and left a mansion at her son's disposal. The artists were all delighted—not at the death of Lady Fitzgeorge, for they did not care enough about her to be glad or sorry,—but they were all delighted at the fine capabilities which the mansion in question possessed for improvement and enlargement, and for becoming, under proper management, and at comparatively little expense, a dwelling worthy of so great a man as Augustus Fitzgeorge. By some covenant or other in their leases, the tenants were under an obligation to keep in proper repair certain mansions on the estate, and this was one of them.

"Now," said one of the architectural artists, "now is the time for you to jockey your tenants, and to make them build you a handsome mansion."

"You know," said Fitzgeorge, "that their leases bind them only to repair, not to rebuild."

"Very true," said the architect; "but what is the meaning of the word *repair*? They are bound to make all suitable repairs; and the decision of what are suitable repairs rests with architects and persons skilful in building, who may be employed by Lord Fitzgeorge or his representatives.

An enlargement of a house is a kind of repair contemplated in the covenant of the lease, and that, in several instances, has been done; therefore the law will bear you out in that by virtue of precedent. Now, if you may add one room, you may add two or two hundred, and may make them as large as you please. You have nothing to do but to take care that you leave some part of the old house standing, so that it is not a total rebuilding, and then you are perfectly safe, and may go to any extent you will."

"I like your notions," said Fitzgeorge, "and I shall be glad to see them acted upon; only, you know, before we begin, it is generally the custom to consult a committee of the tenants, to know whether it may be quite convenient for them just at the present time, to undergo so large an expense as will be necessary to make all these repairs we contemplate. Of course, you will lay the plan before them, and let them see how much we intend to improve the estate, and the appearance of it, by architectural embellishment."

"Oho!" said the architect; "we must not let them into all the secret at once; for if we do, they will begin to grumble, and, though grumbling may do them no good, it may do you harm, and ultimately injure the estate."

"I think," said Fitzgeorge, "the estate is more trouble than it is worth. What a nuisance it is that we cannot build, buy, and live as one likes, without all this trouble!"

"Never mind that," said the architect; "only let me have the profits of the job, I will take care that you shall have as superb a mansion as any nobleman needs wish to live in. All the world admires your taste in architecture."

Again:—

"Having got the consent of the tenants that the old house should be put into repair, the steward hastily, and full of glee, went to Fitzgeorge, and said, 'Now, sir, we have gained the point for you, and not with any particular limitation of expense. Only, you know, you must be as reasonable as you can, or you will get me into disgrace.'

"Trust me for that," replied Fitzgeorge. "And now send Clarke to me with his plans, and I will give him his orders."

"What a goose," said Fitzgeorge to himself, "is that steward of ours! What do I care about his getting into disgrace, so as I get into a handsome house! This is just the thing that I wanted, to have the arrangement of a mansion after my own taste and judgment; and now I will let the world see what taste I really have. There is not one man in a thousand that has any real taste in architecture. I will immortalize my name by architectural magnificence. I have done something for tailors, now I will do something for architects."

"The bricklayers and carpenters, and all other artists who were concerned in building, were presently set to work, and Tom Clarke was as busy as a bee, and as happy as a fiddler. Some of the tenants,

however, just now and then cast their eyes upon the work, and they could not help thinking that there were symptoms of much more extensive repairs than they had calculated upon. They thought that if these were only repairs that were going on, they were very sweeping repairs indeed; for there seemed to be nothing at all left of the old house—scarcely a stick or a stone. So they mentioned it to the steward next time they met, and said, 'I am afraid that Tom Clarke will have a swinging long bill against us for repairs.'

"Oh, dear, no," said the steward, very good-humouredly; "you need not be afraid, I assure you. Tom Clarke is as honest a fellow as ever lived; and as for my young master, there is not a more amiable and reasonable creature living on the face of the earth. I have a very high opinion of old Lord Fitzgeorge, but I do think that his son, in some points, outdoes his father; and I have no doubt that he will prove to be the best of landlords."

"That sort of talk, for he said a great deal more than any body could have patience to read, pleased and quieted some of the tenants; but there was one sharp and shrewd fellow there, who knew as well as any man living the difference between sixpence and a shilling; and he said, 'I tell you what, Mr. Steward, you may talk as much blarney to the tenants as you please about Tom Clarke's honesty, and your young master's reasonableness—by the way, I wonder how you can call him young—yet I can tell you that I have been examining the works going on at the house where the old lady lived, and that the job cannot be completed for less than ten times the sum that was stated in the estimate. It is a downright shame, and a piece of cheaterly that ought to be exposed and reprobated.'

"The steward knew all that as well as any body could tell him; and therefore he would not put himself in a passion, but endeavoured to throw dust in the eyes of the tenants; and, instead of saying any thing about the estimates of the expense, he launched out into a long lachrymose lamentation on the great sin of calling Fitzgeorge old, when he was, to all intents and purposes, a young man.

"The next time that the steward had an interview with Fitzgeorge, he said to him, 'I beg pardon, sir, for taking such a liberty, but really the truth is, I shall not know what to say to the tenants, if you go on at this extravagant rate. They throw all the blame on me, and I have to tell all manner of lies, and invent all manner of shuffling excuses, to keep the blame off from you. Positively you must manage things a little more decently.'

"Ah, you are a clever fellow," replied Fitzgeorge; "I shall leave all these matters to you; you know how to manage these turbulent tenants."

"But the management of so large an estate," said the steward, "is actually a difficult matter."

"I know it, my dear fellow," answered Fitzgeorge; "it is so difficult a matter, that I should not think of ever attempting it. I

leave it all to you; and you have only to see that you are well paid for your trouble, and that there is wherewithal to supply my daily outgoings. You may do just as you will with the estate; you may let the farms to any body you may like; you may get what rents you can for them; you may pull down what houses or barns you will, or you may build when, what, and where you please; you may cut down whatever timber you want, and sell it; you may raise any money by mortgage; in a word, you may do whatever you think fit with the estate, supplying yourself and your friends; only let me have as much money as I want, and as little trouble as possible.

"Why, sir," replied the steward, "nothing can be more reasonable than that, I must allow; yet, with every feeling of respect, I must be permitted to say, that if you will indulge your taste for expense so very much, you might spend upon yourself the whole proceeds of the estate, leaving your tenants nothing to live upon."

"My good man," replied Fitzgeorge, "you talk very reasonably, and the tenants are, no doubt, much obliged to you; but what are the tenants to me, except as the means of supplying me with money?"

"The building of the mansion went on, and Fitzgeorge was most happy in watching its progress. He could not help thinking how blest he should be when dilating his mighty self in the saloons of the gorgeous building. He never inquired or cared about the expense, but, regardless whence the money was to come from that should pay for it all, he kept continually issuing fresh orders, and making all manner of ridiculous blunders, directing work to be done that afterwards had to be undone at a very considerable expense; and not only was all the odium of the extravagance, but all the disgrace of the architectural blundering, was laid at the door of the poor steward or the architect. And, after all this parade and expense, Fitzgeorge never occupied the house at all."

MONTGOMERY'S MESSIAH.

The Messiah: a Poem, in Six Books. By Robert Montgomery, Author of "The Omnipresence of the Deity," "Satan," &c. Turrill.

MR. MONTGOMERY is a man of genius and talent; he must, moreover, be an industrious and persevering man, for not within the memory of criticism has any poet, Byron perhaps excepted, had so much to contend against from bitter enemies and injudicious friends;—the former, determined and uncompromising, standing at nought in their opposition; the latter equally determined and inconsiderate, and o'ertopping every thing in their praise. When such varieties of opinion appear, it is pretty certain that some radical error of judgment is at work;—and never was this error of judgment more satisfactorily developed than in Mr. Montgomery's critics. Whilst his friends adored his genius and lauded its finest efforts to the skies, they could not, nor would not, perceive the confused jumble of affectation which

surrounded and hung about them; and his enemies expending their malice upon these blemishes only, battered with a giant's hand the husky shell, but left the fruit untouched, almost unnoticed. Mr. Montgomery has very considerable poetic power, if he would only let it thrive in its natural simplicity, instead of cramping and breaking its strength by the awkward and unrelenting swaddling clothes he puts it into;—the thread of his song would be smooth and harmonious enough if he would let it take its own course, instead of twisting it into a very gordian knot of perplexity, in which it is sometimes difficult to find the ends, and which is which. At the same time, we think it worth the time and patience of him who has any taste for poetical fancies, to unravel it as far as possible, and not to thump and bump it about as some have done, who are only too glad to have an opportunity of gratifying their cruelly destructive propensities.

We have never till now had an opportunity of speaking of Mr. Montgomery's writings, and, therefore, whatever our opinion of his former merits and defects may be, we shall at present confine our remarks to the work now before us. Mr. Montgomery has already attempted, and with success, two of the most lofty and arduous themes that ever occupied the poet's pen, the "Omnipresence of the Deity," and "Satan;" but there was one more subject, which, to all the immensity of conception, and all the crowding of thought, the former presented, added yet other difficulties of a moral and philosophical nature, which it must have required a bold hand to grapple with. For what can be added to, or what deducted from, the stern truths of Christian revelation, and how are they susceptible of poetical embellishment? Truly it shall be no third nor second rate muse who shall attempt the task, and not grievously fail. No one will say that Mr. Montgomery is a poet of the first order, and many will therefore question the propriety or policy of his braving the discomfiture and contempt attendant upon failure in the present instance. We are glad to see that our author is in some degree aware of the hazard he is running, and in a well-written and modest preface declares "to those who may accuse him of arrogance,"—that "he has approached his subject with no irreverent thought or careless speed; nor is he aware that any available source, whereby light could be thrown on doctrine, scene, or character, has been left unconsulted." But this is not enough;—a serious poem is not a mere sermon which from the latter part of the sentence quoted, would almost seem to be implied. Added to the negative merits Mr. Montgomery mentions, we look for one more positive qualification:—a lofty and dignified invention, and a hand of power commensurate with so impressive a subject. This is what the present work fails in, which is seen in the fact, at least according to our opinion, that in all passages where the sacred history itself is referred to or parodied, the poet sinks before the simplicity of his original text, and the result is disagreeable;

whilst on the other hand, in all his various episodes of natural beauty and scenery, he shows a fertility of poetic illustration truly delightful. The liberties which Mr. Montgomery has taken with scriptural words and authorities are not very extensive, perhaps, in point of fact; though to our taste there is always something offensive in such adaptations, especially when, as in the poem before us, the necessities of rhythm sometimes produce a result far from elegant. We could multiply instances to which these remarks would be applicable, but the following will be sufficient.

In the description of Abraham's sacrifice, the prophet is made to reply to the inquiry of his son, "where is the lamb for a burnt offering?"—

"My son, in thee a sacrifice the Lord
Hath found, and thou art dedicate to God."

What an unwarranted liberty thus is taken with the beautiful simplicity of the original, where Abraham, whether from parental tenderness, or some yet lingering hope in the resources of Almighty mercy, delicately hints:—"My son, God will provide himself a lamb for a burnt-offering." Again pursuing this same point, what follows?—In the original text we read immediately upon Abraham's dubious reply last quoted:—"so they went on together," evidently showing that the lad did not even suspect his intended fate, and that they had not yet reached the appointed spot. How different is Mr. Montgomery's version of this, in the two lines following the above!—

"He answer'd not, but meekly knelt him down
And on the altar lay, a willing lamb!"

Now it was no such thing;—when they did reach the place of sacrifice, and had prepared the altar, Abraham "bound Isaac his son, and laid him on the altar upon the wood." Mr. Montgomery brings in the interposition of divine mercy with the common-place, silly exclamation:—

"But Love descended!"

With a capital L too, for all the world like little Cupid in a valentine! An embellishment surely ill adapted to the subject.

In these objections we must not be accused of hyper-criticism on verbal inaccuracies, we maintain that, especially in the first point, the very spirit of the gospel is unjustifiably misrepresented by them.

On turning the page we come to the description of Jacob's dream, of the ladder, &c. after which we have the following line:—

"How dreadful!—'tis the gate of heaven!" he cried.
Here, by the curtailment of the original—"How dreadful is this place! this is none other but the house of God, and this is the gate of Heaven," we have an effect equally inappropriate, almost approaching to the burlesque alarm of a Keeley or a Liston. The description thus proceeds:—

"Amid the breathings of melodious air
Aloft then moved the hierarchal pomp;
And ere the lark to hymn the day began,
The exile rose, a rocky pillar raised,
Shed o'er its top the consecrating oil,
And then on wings of morning hied away!"

Is this language worthy of the lofty, the impressive scene it pretends to describe? Is there one line, or one idea commensurate

or illustrative of the awful miracle? The "breathings of melodious air," the songs of the lark, &c. are applicable enough to a sylvan or domestic subject, but it should be recollected that Jacob is described to be in a "dreary plain," where, most probably, was no foliage for the melodious air to breathe, or the carolling larks to hymn amongst. The next two lines are sadly abrupt, and deficient in dignity, and the concluding flight "on the wings of morn," truly ridiculous.

These two specimens will be sufficient to illustrate our opinion of Mr. Montgomery's deficiencies with regard to the theme he has taken, and chosen more such passages will strike the reader as he proceeds. With respect to our author's success in less lofty attempts we have pleasure to offer him our sincerest congratulations. His imagination is fertile, and his perception of the beautiful that of a poetical and refined mind; in his descriptions his language is rich and flowing, abounding in epithets which he coins ad libitum, sometimes it must be owned with less consideration of propriety than convenience. We are not such dull pedants to circumscribe the limits of speech, and bid it no further go, because our fathers do not sanction the liberty, and we can enjoy a well-coined and appropriate laconicism as much as any body, but it must be good, and judiciously introduced. Some of Mr. Montgomery's are good, of which the forests birds "rushing into song," may be mentioned as one; but we cannot approve of the so frequent introduction of such expressions as:—"A breeze-like sense of joy,"—"The shadowy promise" to Jacob,—"wolfish winds,"—"Elysian hues of that Adamic scene," meaning primitive blessedness,—"breezy carol,"—"radiant birds,"—"skiey hills,"—"leafy sound,"—"breezy waves,"—"steely armour,"—"he vision'd him," &c. &c.

Besides these objections, the inflexions and transpositions to which Mr. Montgomery subjects the several parts of his sentences often render them obscure almost beyond unravelment;—we give one very moderate example, which will take on the average three studious readings before it is understood:—

"Though mercy, when a malediction fell
On life and matter from the lips of God,
That woman's seed should bruise the serpent's head
Predicted,—still," &c.

We now with pleasure close these criticisms, and turn to the real beauties of Mr. Montgomery's very clever poem, several long and various passages of which we had marked for extract, by way of illustration;—we must content ourselves with the following, however, at present, reserving the remainder for our next sheet.

Infidelity and false philosophy:—

"In this dark hour when evil doom prevails,
Shall finite teach the Infinite His ways,
Or shape the path Omnipotence should tread?—
Shall man in dreams of wild presumption dare
The universe condemn, or blindly call
His fate unjust? Shall fancy, in her flight
Insane, beyond the empyrean soar,
The God unthrone, His attributes affect,
And fashion worlds to prove His wisdom wrong?—
Alas! for doubt, that still no answer finds
When Dust would fathom Deity, and cite

From darkness of eternal depth, the truths
Whose myst'ry makes the awfulness of time:—
Let Nature hope, and while her blessings thrive,
To secret Heaven resign the vast unknown."

Reflections at evening:—

"A sunset!—what a host of shapes and hues
In cloudy lustre multiplied and flash'd,
And flung their beauty in reflected tints
On dimpling waters, musically calm:
And then, concentr'd in one pomp of light,
Like that which girdles an Almighty throne!
But ere the sun behind yon sea withdrew,
A thunder-gloom with silent threat advanced,
And the loud hiss of the exulting rain
Was heard, till universal freshness beam'd;
The meadow sparkled, and the sun retired,
On waves of glory, like an ocean-god!—
From out the billows beam'd a rainbow form,
That died in azure o'er the distant hills;
The sea-gull flutter'd on his foam-like wing,
And, like some fairy of the minute born,
A wind exulted over trees and flowers!—

"An hour with Nature is an hour with heav'n,
When feeling hallows what the fancy views;
And thus, oh twilight! may the spirit learn
From thy fond stillness what the day denies.
Now mem'ry too, divinest mourner, wakes
The soul's romance, till years of verdant joy
Revive, and bloom around the heart once more.
Bright forms, by greeting childhood so beloved!
Maternal tones, and features, of whose smile
In blissful rivalry our own was born,
And voices,—echo'd in our dreams of heaven,
Around us throng, until th' unliving past
Our being enters, and is life again!

"Of no false weakness is the inward sigh
Of mem'ry, for the days of spring-warm truth
Departed; beautiful regret is there!
To love the past but makes the present dear;
The mournful wisdom of our discontent
Can they unteach what young delusion taught
Alone;—for who that lives, and living, thinks,
But adds another to an endless train
Of sad confessors since the world began?—
A life of glory is a dream fulfill'd,
That fades in acting, as a gorgeous cloud,
E'en as it dazzles,—is but dying air!

"If I too, ere autumnal age my brow
Hath wrinkled, or the twilight of my days
Begun, the barrenness of earth perceive,
And feel mortality's most feverish wear
For ever on the soul; if all that bloom'd
Like Eden once, has grown a desert now
Of dying hope and faded joy; if life be lone,
And sad, and bleak, while aspirations droop
Unwatch'd within me, and delightless earth
More tomb-like grows, as death's absorbing dream
Doth haunt the spirit, wheresoe'er it fly
For refuge,—may I not our being mourn?—
No! let me fall, and worship at the fount
Of Nature: life is Heaven's surpassing gift,
And what his Maker wills, let man revere!"

To conclude:—

"Eternity!—there is a sound and sense
Of terror, dwelling in thy dim abyss
Of meaning, whether by the spirit named
When lips are whitening in the gasp of death,
Or utter'd by the pensive voice of life.
In vain, immunity and calm we seek,
Dark intimations of thy state will rise,
Though time be mock'd, and tombs unheeded
stand!"

Our readers may expect more copious extracts next week; meantime Mr. Montgomery has our warmest praise, and best thanks for a poem which, every thing considered, places him on a high rank in our literary names of note.

NEW ZEALANDERS.

Narrative of a Nine Months' Residence in New Zealand, in 1827; together with a Journal of a Residence in Tristan D'Acunha. By Augustus Earle. Longman and Co.

MR. EARLE is a real lover of travel, and therefore a traveller to our heart's content. From what we have seen of his "Narrative" above named, we desire a further acquaintance with it; and predict it will be found one of the most entertaining which recent enterprise has afforded. We do not

think it necessary to chalk out our author's route, nor to note down each of his almost daily dates;—these particulars are only interesting to the author, and the reader of the book itself; the reader of extracts being a mere taster, who judges of the probable entertainment and instruction to be gleaned in the entire work, from the passages which are thus laid before him. With this view, then, the following extracts are presented:—

A Savage Village.

"As the village lay upon the opposite shore from that on which we arrived, we sat some time under the shelter of a large tree, to contemplate its appearance, and to give time to arrange our party for passing the stream, and also for my making a sketch. The red glare of the setting sun, just touching the top of every object, beautifully illuminated the landscape; and its rays, bursting through the black woods in the background, gave the woods an appearance of being on fire; while a beautiful rainbow, thrown across the sky, tinged the scene with a fairy-land effect.

"As soon as they perceived us from the opposite shore, a loud shout of welcome was raised, and all the inhabitants came out to meet us. They carried us over the stream, conducted us to their huts, and then sat down to gaze at and admire us. As we were very hungry after our fatiguing walk, we soon unpacked our baggage, and in so doing made an unavoidable display of many valuable and glittering objects, which roused the attention of our savage spectators, and caused them, on the unfolding of every fresh object, to make loud and long exclamations of wonder and admiration. As I was then 'a stranger in their land,' and unaccustomed to their peculiarities, I felt a little alarmed at their shouts; but, on a longer acquaintance with them, I found my fears had been groundless.

"Here we saw the son of Patoni, accompanied by thirty or forty young savages, sitting or lying all round us. All were exceedingly handsome, notwithstanding the wildness of their appearance and the ferocity of their looks. Let the reader picture to himself this savage group, handling every thing they saw, each one armed with a musket loaded with ball, a cartouch-box buckled round his waist, and a stone patoo-patoo, or hatchet, in his hand, while human bones were hung round each neck by way of ornament; let the scene and situation be taken into consideration, and he will acknowledge it was calculated to make the young traveller wish himself safe at home: but when I suspected, I wronged them; for after admiring every thing we had brought with us, (more especially our fowling-pieces, which were very beautiful ones,) they begged a little tobacco, then retired to a distance from the hut which had been prepared for our reception, and left us to take our supper uninterrupted; after which they placed all our baggage in the hut, that we might be assured of its safety.

"It proved a rainy, miserable night; and we were a large party, crowded into a small smoky hut, with a fire lighted in the middle; as, after our supper, the natives, in

order to have as much of our company as possible, crowded in till it was literally crammed. However annoying this might be, still I was recompensed by the novelty and picturesque appearance of the scene. Salvator Rosa could not have conceived a finer study of the horrible. A dozen men, of the largest and most athletic forms, their cakahoos, (or mat-dresses,) laid aside, and their huge limbs exposed to the red glare of the fire; their faces rendered hideous by being tattooed all over, showing by the fire-light quite a bright blue; their eyes, which are remarkable for their fierce expression, all fixed upon us, but with a look of good temper, commingled with intense curiosity. All my fears had by this time subsided, and being master of myself, I had leisure to study and enjoy the scene: we smoked a social pipe with them, (for they are all immoderately fond of tobacco,) and I then stretched myself down to sleep amidst all their chattering and smoke. But all my attempts at slumber were fruitless. I underwent a simultaneous attack of vermin of all descriptions; fleas, musquitoes, and sand-flies, which, beside their depredations on my person, made such a buzzing noise, that even the chattering of the natives could not drown it, or the smoke from the fires or pipes drive them away. Next morning, at daybreak, we took leave of our hosts, and proceeded on our journey."

Arrival at an English Village.—Missionary Hospitality.

"Occasionally we met groups of naked men, trotting along under immense loads, and screaming their barbarous songs of recognition; sometimes we beheld an uncouthly carved figure, daubed over with red ochre, and fixed in the ground, to give notice that one side of the road was tabooed. An extraordinary contrast was now presented to our view, for we came suddenly in front of a complete little English village. Wreaths of white smoke were rising from the chimneys of neat weather-boarded houses. The glazed windows reflected the brilliant glow from the rays of the setting sun, while herds of fat cattle were winding down the hills, lowing as they leisurely bent their steps towards the farm-yard. It is impossible for me to describe what I felt on contemplating a scene so similar to those I had left behind me.

"According to the custom of this country, we fired our muskets, to warn the inhabitants of the settlement of our approach. We arranged our dresses in the best order we could, and proceeded towards the village. As the report of our guns had been heard, groups of nondescripts came running out to meet us. I could scarcely tell to what order of beings they belonged; but on their near approach, I found them to be New Zealand youths, who were settled with the missionaries. They were habited in the most uncouth dresses imaginable. These pious men certainly have no taste for the picturesque; they had obscured the finest human forms under a seaman's huge clothing. Boys not more than fifteen wore jackets reaching to their knees, and but-

toned up to the throat with great black horn buttons, a coarse checked shirt, the collar of which spread half-way over their face, their luxuriant, beautiful hair was cut close off, and each head was crammed into a close Scotch bonnet! These half converted, or rather half covered youths, after rubbing noses, and chattering with our guides, conducted us to the dwellings of their masters.

"As I had a letter of introduction from one of their own body, I felt not the slightest doubt of a kind reception; so we proceeded with confidence. We were ushered into a house, all cleanliness and comfort, all order, silence, and unsociability. After presenting my letter to a grave-looking personage, it had to undergo a private inspection in an adjoining room, and the result was, an invitation 'to stay and take a cup of tea!' All that an abundant farm, and excellent grocer in England could supply, were soon before us. Each person of the mission, as he appeared during our repast, was called aside, and I could hear my own letter read and discussed by them. I could not help thinking, (within myself,) whether this was a way to receive a countryman at the Antipodes! No smile beamed upon their countenance; there were no inquiries after news; in short, there was no touch of human sympathy, such as we 'of the world' feel at receiving an Englishman under our roof in such a savage country as this! The chubby children, who peeped at us from all corners, and the very hearty appearance of their parents, plainly evidenced that theirs was an excellent and thriving trade. We had a cold invitation to stay all night; but this the number of our party entirely precluded; so they lent us their boat to convey us to the Bay of Islands, a distance of about twenty-five miles. As the night proved dark and stormy, and as our boat was crowded with natives, our passage down the Kiddy Kiddy river became both disagreeable and dangerous. The river being filled with rocks, some under, and others just above the water, we were obliged to keep a good look out. After experiencing many alarms, we arrived safely at Koraradika beach about midnight, where an Englishman of the name of Johnstone gave us a shelter in his hut."

Again:—

"A few days after my arrival in the bay, I crossed to the opposite side, to visit the Church Missionary settlement, and to deliver a letter of introduction I had to one of the members. Here, on a beautiful bank, with a delightful beach in front, and the entrance of the bay open to them, the clear and blue expanse of water speckled over with fertile islands, reside these comfortable teachers of the gospel. The name they have given this spot is Marsden Vale. They very soon gave us to understand they did not wish for our acquaintance; and their coldness and inhospitality, I must acknowledge, created in my mind a thorough dislike to them.

"The object of the mission, as it was first planned, might have been attained, and

might have proved highly beneficial to the New Zealanders; but as it is now conducted, no good result can be expected from it. Any man of common sense must agree with me that a savage can receive but little benefit from having the abstruse points of the gospel preached to him, if his mind is not prepared to receive them. This is the plan adopted here; and nothing will convince these enthusiasts that it is wrong, or induce them to change it for one more agreeable to the dictates of reason. Upon inquiring who and what these men were, I found that the greater part of them were hardy mechanics, (not well-educated clergymen,) whom the benevolent and well-intentioned people of England had sent out, in order to teach the natives the importance of different trades—a most judicious arrangement, and which ought to be the foundation of all missions. What could be a more gratifying sight than groups of these athletic savages toiling at the anvil or the saw, erecting for themselves substantial dwellings; thus leading them by degrees to know and to appreciate the comforts resulting from peaceful, laborious, and useful occupations? Then, while they felt sincere gratitude for services rendered them, at their leisure hours, and on certain days, these missionaries should attempt to expound to them, in as simple a manner as possible, the nature of revealed religion!

"In New Zealand, the 'mechanic' missionary only carries on his trade till he has every comfort around him; his house finished, his garden fenced, and a strong stockade inclosing all, to keep off the 'pagan' savages. This done, then commences the easy task of preaching. They collect a few ragged urchins of natives, whom they teach to read and write their own language, the English tongue being forbidden; and when these children return to their families, they are despised by them, as being effeminate and useless. I once saw a sturdy blacksmith in the prime of life, sitting in the midst of a group of savages, attempting to expound to them the mysteries of our holy redemption—perplexing his own brains, as well as those of his auditors, with the most incomprehensible and absurd opinions. How much better would he have been employed in teaching them how to weld a piece of iron or to make a nail! What causes much disapprobation here, is the contemptuous manner in which they treat their own countrymen, as they receive most of them on the outside of their stockade fence. On our return from Marsden Vale, our savage friends laughed heartily at us. They had warned us of the reception we should meet with; and their delight at seeing us again formed a strange contrast to that of their Christian teachers, whose inhospitable dwellings we determined never to re-enter."

Savage Treatment of the Unfortunate.

"Our two really tolerably good houses were reduced to a heap of smoking ruins, and the greater part of what belonged to us was taken away by the Narpooes. This calamity had made us acquainted with an-

other of their barbarous customs; which is, whenever a misfortune happens to a community or an individual, every person, even the friends of his own tribe, fall upon and strip him of all he has remaining. As an unfortunate fish, when struck by a harpoon, is instantly surrounded and devoured by his companions; so in New Zealand, when a chief is killed, his former friends plunder his widow and children; and they, in revenge, ill use and even murder their slaves: thus one misfortune gives birth to various cruelties. During the fire, our allies proved themselves the most adroit and active thieves imaginable; though previously to that event we had never lost an article, although every thing we possessed was open to them.

"When we questioned them about our property, they frankly told us where it was; and after some difficulty in settling the amount of its ransom, we got most of our things back again, with the exception of such as had been carried off by the Narpooes. Upon the cruelty of this custom I shall make no comments: probably I should have remained in ignorance of this savage law, had I not had the misfortune to become its victim. By redeeming from the natives what they had purloined from the fire, we had restored to us some of our boxes, desks, and clothes; but all our little comforts towards housekeeping were irretrievably lost.

"When the fire was over, we received a visit from one of the missionaries, who made us a cold offer of assistance. We accepted a little tea, sugar, and some few articles of crockery from them; but although they knew we stood there houseless, amongst a horde of savages, they never offered us the shelter of their roofs. I am very sure that had the calamity befallen them, we should immediately have offered our huts, and shared with them every thing we possessed. Here was an opportunity of practically showing the 'pagans,' (as they termed the New Zealanders,) the great Christian doctrine of 'doing to others as we would they should do unto us.' I must acknowledge I was sometimes mortified at being obliged to sleep, (three of us huddled up close together,) in a small New Zealand hut, filled with filth and vermin of all kinds, while at only two miles' distance from us stood a neat village, abounding in every comfort that a bountiful British public could provide; and we members of that community, and, indeed, partly contributors to the funds for its support."

Cannibalism.

"The New Zealanders have been long charged with cannibalism; but as no person of importance or celebrity had actually been a witness to the disgusting act, in pity to our nature such relations have been universally rejected, and much has been written to prove the non-existence of so hideous a propensity. It was my lot to behold it in all its horrors!

"One morning, about eleven o'clock, after I had just returned from a long walk, Captain Duke informed me he had heard, from very good authority, (though the natives wished it to be kept a profound secret,) that in the adjoining village a female slave, nam-

ed Matowe, had been put to death, and that the people were at that very time preparing her flesh for cooking. At the same time he reminded me of a circumstance which had taken place the evening before. Atoi had been paying us a visit, and, when going away, he recognised a girl whom he said was a slave that had run away from him; he immediately seized hold of her, and gave her in charge to some of his people. The girl had been employed in carrying wood for us; Atoi's laying claim to her had caused us no alarm for her life, and we had thought no more on the subject; but now, to my surprise and horror, I heard this poor girl was the victim they were preparing for the oven!

"Captain Duke and myself were resolved to witness this dreadful scene. We therefore kept our information as secret as possible, well knowing that if we had manifested our wishes, they would have denied the whole affair. We set out, taking a circuitous route towards the village: and, being well acquainted with the road, we came upon them suddenly, and found them in the midst of their abominable ceremonies. On a spot of rising ground, just outside the village, we saw a man preparing a native oven, which is done in the following simple manner:—A hole is made in the ground, and hot stones are put within it, and then all is covered up close. As we approached, we saw evident signs of the murder which had been perpetrated; bloody mats were strewn around, and a boy was standing by them actually laughing: he put his finger to his head, and then pointed towards a bush. I approached the bush, and there discovered a human head. My feelings of horror may be imagined as I recognised the features of the unfortunate girl I had seen forced from our village the preceding evening! We ran towards the fire, and there stood a man occupied in a way few would wish to see. He was preparing the four quarters of a human body for a feast; the large bones, having been taken out, were thrown aside, and the flesh being compressed, he was in the act of forcing it into the oven. While we stood transfixed by this terrible sight, a large dog, which lay before the fire, rose up, seized the bloody head, and walked off with it into the bushes; no doubt to hide it there for another meal! The man completed his task with the most perfect composure, telling us, at the same time, that the repast would not be ready for some hours!

"Here stood Captain Duke and myself, both witnesses of a scene which many travellers have related, and their relations have invariably been treated with contempt; indeed, the veracity of those who had the temerity to relate such incredible events has been every where questioned. In this instance it was no warrior's flesh to be eaten; there was no enemy's blood to drink, in order to infuriate them. They had no revenge to gratify; no plea could they make of their passions having been roused by battle, nor the excuse that they eat their enemies to perfect their triumph. This was an action of unjustifiable cannibalism. Atoi, the chief, who had given orders for this cruel feat,

had only the night before sold us four pigs for a few pounds of powder; so he had not even the excuse of want of food.

"After Captain Duke and myself had consulted with each other, we walked into the village, determining to charge Atoi with his brutality. Atoi received us in his usual manner; and his handsome open countenance could not be imagined to belong to so savage a monster as he had proved himself to be. I shuddered at beholding the unusual quantity of potatoes his slaves were preparing to eat with this infernal banquet. We talked coolly with him on the subject; for as we could not prevent what had taken place, we were resolved to learn, if possible, the whole particulars. Atoi at first tried to make us believe he knew nothing about it, and that it was only a meal for his slaves; but we had ascertained it was for himself and his favourite companions. After various endeavours to conceal the fact, Atoi frankly owned that he was only waiting till the cooking was completed to partake of it. He added, that, knowing the horror we Europeans held these feasts in, the natives were always most anxious to conceal them from us, and he was very angry that it had come to our knowledge; but, as he had acknowledged the fact, he had no objection to talk about it. He told us that human flesh required a greater number of hours to cook than any other; that if not done enough, it was very tough, but when sufficiently cooked it was as tender as paper. He held in his hand a piece of paper, which he tore in illustration of his remark. He said the flesh then preparing would not be ready till next morning; but one of his sisters whispered in my ear that her brother was deceiving us, as they intended feasting at sun-set.

"We inquired why and how he had murdered the poor girl. He replied, that running away from him to her own relations was her only crime. He then took us outside the village, and showed us the post to which she had been tied, and laughed to think how he had cheated her;—'For,' said he, 'I told her I only intended to give her a flogging; but I fired, and shot her through the heart!' My blood ran cold at this relation, and I looked with feelings of horror at the savage while he related it. Shall I be credited when I again affirm, that he was not only a handsome young man, but mild and genteel in his demeanour? He was a man we had admitted to our table, and was a general favourite with us all; and the poor victim to his bloody cruelty was a pretty girl of about sixteen years of age! While listening to this frightful detail, we felt sick almost to fainting.

"We left Atoi, and again strolled towards the spot where this disgusting mess was cooking. Not a native was now near it: a hot fetid steam kept occasionally bursting from the smothered mass; and the same dog we had seen with the head, now crept from beneath the bushes, and sneaked towards the village: to add to the gloominess of the whole, a large hawk rose heavily from the very spot where the poor victim had been cut in pieces. My friend and I sat gazing on this melancholy place; it was a

lowering gusty day, and the moaning of the wind through the bushes, as it swept round the hill on which we were, seemed in unison with our feelings. After some time spent in contemplating the miserable scene before us, during which we gave full vent to the most passionate exclamations of disgust, we determined to spoil this intended feast: this resolution formed, we rose to execute it. I ran off to our beach, leaving Duke on guard, and, collecting all the white men I could, I informed them of what had happened, and asked them if they would assist in destroying the oven, and burying the remains of the girl: they consented, and each having provided himself with a shovel or a pickaxe, we repaired in a body to the spot. Atoi and his friends had by some means been informed of our intention, and they came out to prevent it. He used various threats to deter us, and seemed highly indignant; but as none of his followers appeared willing to come to blows, and seemed ashamed that such a transaction should have been discovered by us, we were permitted by them to do as we chose. We accordingly dug a tolerably deep grave; then we resolutely attacked the oven. On removing the earth and leaves, the shocking spectacle was presented to our view,—the four quarters of a human body half roasted. During our work clouds of steam enveloped us, and the disgust created by our task was almost overpowering. We collected all the parts we could recognise; the heart was placed separately, we supposed as a savoury morsel for the chief himself. We placed the whole in the grave, which we filled up as well as we could, and then broke and scattered the oven."

After all, however, their laudable intentions are frustrated, and the inhuman feast rendered yet more disgusting: the savages dug up the mutilated remains of their favorite dish, and devoured every morsel of it!

AMERICAN TALES.

Lights and Shadows of American Life.
Edited by Mary Russell Mitford. 3 vols.
Colburn and Bentley.

THIS is a series of tales by American writers, selected and edited by Miss Mitford, and forming one of the most interesting and graphic illustrations of American life and character the press has recently afforded;—far superior and more correct, by the bye, than half the travellers' log-books, who have set out in the pursuit of fact, and returned to give publicity to their fancies.—We will not stay to individualise the several stories comprised in these volumes, but proceed to extract one, illustrative of a set of land-water-sharks, who infested the great rivers previous to the introduction of steam-navigation:—

Mike Fink, the River-Boatman.

"Mike Fink may be viewed as the correct representative of a class of men now extinct, but who once possessed as marked a character as that of the gipsies of England, or the Lazzaroni of Naples. The period of their existence was not more than a

third of a century. The character was created by the introduction of trade on the western waters, and ceased with the successful establishment of the steam-boat.

"There is something inexplicable in the fact, that there could be men found for ordinary wages, who would abandon the systematic but not laborious pursuits of agriculture, to follow a life, of all others, except that of the soldier, distinguished by the greatest exposure and privation. The occupation of a boatman was more calculated to destroy the constitution, and to shorten life, than any other business. In ascending the river, it was a continued series of toil, rendered more irksome by the snail-like rate at which they moved. The boat was propelled by poles, against which the shoulder was placed; and the whole strength and skill of the individual were applied in this manner. As the boatmen moved along the running-board, with their heads nearly touching the plank on which they walked, the effect produced on the mind of an observer was similar to that on beholding the ox rocking before an overloaded cart. Their bodies, naked to their waist, for the purpose of moving with greater ease, and of enjoying the breeze of the river, were exposed to the burning suns of summer and to the rains of autumn. After a hard day's push, they would take their 'fillee,' or ration of whiskey, and, having swallowed a miserable supper of meat half-burnt and of bread half-baked, stretch themselves, without covering, on the deck, and slumber till the steersman's call invited them to the morning 'fillee.' Notwithstanding this, the boatman's life had charms as irresistible as those presented by the splendid illusions of the stage. Sons abandoned the comfortable farms of their fathers, and apprentices fled from the service of their masters. There was a captivation in the idea of 'going down the river;' and the youthful boatman who had 'pushed a keel' from New Orleans felt all the pride of a young merchant, after his first voyage to an English sea-port. From an exclusive association together, they had formed a kind of slang peculiar to themselves; and from the constant exercise of wit with 'the squatters' on shore, and crews of other boats, they acquired a quickness and smartness of vulgar retort, that was quite amusing. The frequent battles they were engaged in with the boatmen of different parts of the river, and with the less civilized inhabitants of the lower Ohio and Mississippi, invested them with that ferocious reputation, which has made them spoken of throughout Europe.

"On board of the boats thus navigated, our merchants entrusted valuable cargoes, without insurance, and with no other guarantee than the receipt of the steersman, who possessed no property but his boat; and the confidence so reposed was seldom abused.

"Among these men, Mike Fink stood an acknowledged leader for many years. Endowed by nature with those qualities of intellect that give the possessor influence, he would have been a conspicuous member of any society in which his lot might have

been cast. An acute observer of human nature has said—'Opportunity alone makes the hero. Change but their situations, and Cæsar would have been but the best wrestler on the green.' With a figure cast in a mould that added much of the symmetry of an Apollo to the limbs of a Hercules, he possessed gigantic strength; and, accustomed, from an early period, to brave the dangers of a frontier life, his character was noted for the most daring intrepidity. He was the hero of a hundred fights, and the leader in a thousand adventures. From Pittsburg to St. Louis and New Orleans, his fame was established. Every farmer on the shore kept on good terms with Mike, otherwise there was no safety for his property. Wherever he was an enemy, like his great prototype, Rob Roy, he levied the contribution of Black Mail for the use of his boat. Often at night, when his tired companions slept, he would take an excursion of five or six miles, and return before morning, rich in spoil. On the Ohio, he was known among his companions by the appellation of the 'Snapping Turtle;' and on the Mississippi, he was called 'The Snag.'

"At the early age of seventeen, Mike's character was displayed, by enlisting himself in a corps of Scouts—a body of irregular rangers, which was employed on the north-western frontiers of Pennsylvania, to watch the Indians, and to give notice of any threatened inroad.

"At that time, Pittsburgh was on the extreme verge of white population, and the spies, who were constantly employed, generally extended their explorations forty or fifty miles to the west of this post. They went out, singly, lived as did the Indian, and in every respect became perfectly assimilated in habits, taste, and feeling, with the red men of the desert. A kind of border warfare was kept up, and the scout thought it as praiseworthy to bring in the scalp of a Shawnee as the skin of a panther. He would remain in the woods for weeks together, using parched corn for bread, and depending on his rifle for meat; and slept at night in perfect comfort, rolled in his blanket.

"In this corps, while yet a stripling, Mike acquired a reputation for boldness and cunning, far beyond his companions. A thousand legends illustrate the fearlessness of his character. There was one, which he told himself with much pride, and which made an indelible impression on my boyish memory. He had been out on the hills of Mahoning, when, to use his own words, he 'saw signs of Indians being about.' He had discovered the recent print of the moccasin on the grass, and found drops of the fresh blood of a deer on the green bush. He became cautious, skulked for some time in the deepest thickets of hazel and briar, and for several days did not discharge his rifle. He subsisted patiently on parched corn and jerk, which he had dried on his first coming into the woods. He gave no alarm to the settlements, because he discovered, with certainty, that the enemy consisted of a small hunting-party, who were receding from the Alleghany.

"As he was creeping along, one morning, with the stealthy tread of a cat, his eye fell upon a beautiful buck, browsing on the edge of a barren spot, three hundred yards distant. The temptation was too strong for the woodsman, and he resolved to have a shot at every hazard. Re-priming his gun, and picking his flint, he made his approaches in the usual noiseless manner. At the moment he reached the spot from which he meant to take his aim, he observed a large savage, intent upon the same object, advancing from a direction a little different from his own. Mike shrunk behind a tree with the quickness of thought, and, keeping his eye fixed on the hunter, waited the result with patience. In a few moments, the Indian halted within fifty paces, and levelled his piece at the deer. In the meanwhile, Mike presented his rifle at the body of the savage; and, at the moment the smoke issued from the gun of the latter, the bullet of Fink passed through the red man's breast. He uttered a yell, and fell dead at the same instant with the deer. Mike re-loaded his rifle, and remained in his covert for some minutes, to ascertain whether there were more enemies at hand. He then stepped up to the prostrate savage, and, having satisfied himself that life was extinguished, turned his attention to the buck, and took from the carcass those pieces suited to the process of jerking.

"In the mean time, the country was filling up with a white population; and in a few years the red men, with the exception of a few fractions of tribes, gradually receded to the Lakes, and beyond the Mississippi. The corps of Scouts was abolished, after having acquired habits which unfitted them for the pursuits of civilized society. Some incorporated themselves with the Indians; and others, from a strong attachment to their erratic mode of life, joined the boatmen, then just becoming a distinct class. Among these was our hero, Mike Fink, whose talents were soon developed: and for many years he was as celebrated on the rivers of the West as he had been in the woods.

"Some years after my visit to Cincinnati, business called me to New Orleans. On board of the steam-boat, on which I had embarked at Louisville, I recognised, in the person of the pilot, one of those men who had formerly been a patroon, or keel-boat captain. I entered into conversation with him on the subject of his former associates.

"'They are scattered in all directions,' said he. 'A few, who had capacity, have become pilots of steam-boats. Many have joined the trading parties that cross the Rocky Mountains; and a few have settled down as farmers.'

"'What has become,' I asked, 'of my old acquaintance, Mike Fink?'

"'Mike was killed in a skirmish,' replied the pilot. 'He had refused several good offers on steam-boats. He said he could not bear the hissing of steam, and he wanted room to throw his pole. He went to the Missouri, and about a year since was shooting the tin cup, when he had corned too heavy. He elevated too low, and shot

his companion through the head. A friend of the deceased, who was present, suspecting foul play, shot Mike through the heart, before he had time to re-load his rifle.'

"With Mike Fink expired the spirit of the Boatmen."

PATRIOTIC POETRY.

The Return of the Victors: a Poem. By William Dailey. E. Wilson.

(From a Correspondent.)

Dear Guardian,—There are certain silly persons who believe that the King Apollo no longer deigns to hold converse with any of the sons of men within the Britains. These people never read the poems of William Dailey, that is to say, as I have been led to imagine, of HUNTER GORDON, the great Polish patriot, poet, professor, and pamphleteer; for had they done so it is quite impossible that they should be in this slough of error, and, doubtless, in gratitude for their deliverance, they would ere now, after the fashion of the Attic captives, have, in a song-breathing procession, approached the house of him whose sweet strains had dissolved their bonds, moreover laid rich gifts at the feet of the bard of liberty, who of his goodness and mercy would be graciously pleased to accept them at once, in the light of a sin-offering for their perverse negligence and hardness of heart in days gone by, and a token of reverence and admiration in the present time.

The bard resides at Witney, and sings of love and chivalry,—the noblest themes that can excite the inspirations of the poet. Aye, sir, the noblest I do say, in defiance of that antique lie which states that an assemblage of respectable Greeks, who loved plunder and the lasses better than their ploughs and prayers, decided against the most illustrious of wine-bibbers and beggarmen in the contest with old Hesiod, because, forsooth, he had spouted immortal rhapsodies anent the wrath of Achilles,—the beauty of Briseis,—the high-souled deeds and untimely deaths of heroes,—the thrice-holy dust of the Melée,—the fell rapture of the conflict,—"the earthquake shout of victory," and so forth, instead of writing a stupid essay upon the damned moral, agricultural, political economy, which prevailed in the first Olympiad.

But did I not say something about victory? I did. And is not the mighty Hunter's chorus, (song I mean, but one cannot help thinking of that exquisite morceau in Der Freischütz,) is not the Hunter's song one tremendous shout of victory? "The Return of the Victors,"—the victors! splendid fellows, led by one Arnold, who denies all relationship with Sam Arnold of the Opera House; but of the vanquished we know nothing except that they were well thrashed; and what more can we desire to know? It is enough that they were flailed. Were we, however, to indulge in a conjecture respecting them, we should say they were Cossacks, from their invisibility, and from the fact of Arnold being a Pole. Let us, however, say a few words about this Arnold; he was in love, as everybody knows, with Fanny Kelly,—

no, I am wrong again,—with Elgitha, and that everybody does not know, so the poet shall speak:—

"But ah! not longer in her beauty's blaze
Was she allow'd to wander thus alone:
For Arnold wildly, yet with tender gaze,
Paused o'er her charms—and claim'd them for his own.

High was his blood, and long his waving crest
Had sigh'd to glory; and had often gain'd
Chivalrous honours to his throbbing breast,
And long unerringly in victory reign'd;
Till Arnold with the brave exultingly was named.

"Along the labyrinth of her young heart,
Before unknown to thrills and fluttering sighs,
Loves play, and grasps of fangy pleasures dart,
And bid high rapture in her bosom rise.
The darken'd lashes of her pensive eye,
And all the pleased emotions of her breast,
In kind accordance beat; and soar'd on high
In thoughtful wandering of her love's unrest,
When far from Arnold gay, nor with his kind look blest."

Of course gay Arnold's views were strictly honorable, and he proposed for her one fine night, and she accepted him, as you shall hear:—

"Sweet glow'd the radiance of the pearly moon
Upon the craggy steep where wood-flowers twine,
And spend their sweetness; Arnold whisper'd—
Soon,

"My loved Elgitha, shall I call thee mine?"
Answer'd by wreathed smiles, and downcast eye,
Hushing the doubts that hung within his breast;
Her fluttering heart could tell the day drew nigh,
When from her Arnold she should never rest;
For ay, she thought her love would never lose its zest."

After this touching passage, poor Arnold is, as usual, obliged to go to fight, leaving behind him his virgin-bride, and after beating, we know not whom,—he returns, we know not where,—and gives chorus with Elgitha and others (not specified) in a magnificent song of victory, which extends to some twenty stanzas, be the same more or less, and thus ends the poem,—barring the conclusion, whereof we will speak after we have said a word or two about the introduction. The introduction is written in the Hogg-meter, and the reader, in order to feel the magic music of the rhymes, must adopt Fanny Kemble's style of pronouncing English, which is the only true one, as it brings us back the purity of the Anglo-Saxon, wherein by aid of certain dots and points, and so forth, words that contained one set of vowels were pronounced as if they contained another,—as for instance, *au* was sounded *au-y-ee*, and vice versa. Having premised this, it remains to say that the introduction is most original and most sublime. After a short prelude touching the spirits of the minstrel's song, despising all that has been said and sung about the indivisible connexion between the gentle poesy and the glorious drunkenness, and faithful in his sworn allegiance to the Temperance Society,—to Lord Brougham, Tom Duncombe, Lord Melbourne, Charles Grant, and its other illustrious members, he shouts aloud, like an Arab in the Desert, or Phil. Crampton in Exeter Hall:—

"Come then, ye Spirits of the Stream—
Assist my song, illumine my dream
With rays of light, with sound divine;
Come, Heaven-descended Muses nine,
From high Parnassus' snowy height;
Beam o'er my lines a beauty bright;
Instruct my fancy, lead my song
Through scenes of bliss yourselves among.

"There may my harp breathe forth a sound,
Which echoes answer joyful round—
Till earth, till heaven, and ether sky,
Ring with the song of Victory!"

Having paid this handsome and delicate compliment to water, which, remembering the country he is about to celebrate is Poland, the dullest cannot fail to appreciate, he next addresses himself, in appropriate order, to wind, and exclaims—

"Ye Spirits of the vengeful Storm,
The dark red path of Fancy form."

And, lastly, he applies to the "Seraphs of the Sky,"

"Whose song alone is victory."

The strange thing, however, remains to be told. They all answered him, and came accordingly; for mark, in the conclusion he returns thanks to each band separately, as for instance:—

"And ye, ye Spirits of the Sky,
Who dwell, who sing, and play on high;
Ye lent your aid—ye join'd my song,
When power omnipotently strong
Broke through the storm, dispell'd the gloom,
And bade the Victor's beauty bloom."

And, finally, thanks to all:—

"Ye bore me to the realms of light,
Of glory—heavenly glory—bright!
Inspired me with your song divine—
Infused a fragrance through my line,—
Gave me to wake the seraph's string,—
And taught me Zion's song to sing;—
Oh! that with you, in yonder sky,
I sang the song of Victory!"

I have already trespassed perhaps too much upon your space, not with Hunter's "gems of price," but the worthless thread wherewith I have connected them; I cannot, however, refuse myself the delight of making one extract from "The Songs of England's Chivalry," by the same author:—

"HOTSPUR'S FALL."

"Scotia's brave sons, from highland and from glen,
Had cross'd Tweed's banks to gory war agen;
Under intrepid Douglas march'd along,
Shouting the chorus of their warrior's song;
With armour harness'd, and with burnish'd shield,
Dispute the glory of the battle-field.
Whilst Harry Hotspur, with courageous breast,
Put their proud valour to a woful test;
He drove them, as the wind drives mighty waves,
To where Tweed's water Scotland's banks till laves;
With arrows pierced from Hotspur's archers' bows,
They drown'd in that loved stream their mighty woes.
Brave Douglas bore five wounds,—a heart-felt pride,
As o'er his armour glid the purple tide;
Whilst Stuart, Angus, and the Earl of Fife,
Courageous bent to save their honour's life,
Fought on with mighty strength till fall of night,
But were held prisoners in the hurried flight."

Farewell, sir; your readers are deeply indebted to me for this contribution, but the intense interest I feel in every thing relating to Poland, compelled me to the labour of doing justice to the poet who caught his inspirations from the convulsions of that well-watered land. Thine,

HORASKI TWISSZESKI, (of Poland.)

BIOGRAPHY.

JEREMY BENTHAM.

"THE reputation of the English juriscounsel, Jeremy Bentham, has long been established with all the nations of the European continent and of America; his countrymen themselves, who seem not to have acknowledged it at first, are now as liberal in their admiration of him as they have been slow to accord it. His writings, composed in English, translated, arranged, and published in French, have been reinstated in their original language, and his fame has shared the fortunes of his writings; it has returned to

England after performing a voyage round the world."

Such is the commencement of a prospectus issued at Brussels for the publication of a cheap edition of the complete works of Jeremy Bentham, whose death, we regret to have to state, took place on Wednesday, the 6th of June, at his residence in Queen Square Place. The brief history which it supplies of the fortune of his works, is as correct as it is striking. Never surely was the adage that "a prophet is without honour in his own country" so remarkably exemplified as in the case of Mr. Bentham. Not less than 80,000 volumes on legislation of his authorship, have, it is said, been disposed of in Europe and America, in the French, Spanish, Italian, German, and Polish languages. In an account of the state of literature at Warsaw in 1829, we are told that his project of a Panopticon, or prison in which the gaoler should be enabled to observe every movement of the prisoners, was being discussed in that city with excitement and interest. In Sicily, extensive alterations in the law have been made in accordance with his principles. In South America the judges quote him from the bench. In Belgium his authority has had great influence in promoting alterations in the courses of legal procedure.—But the highest tribute which was, or which could be, paid to his genius, was rendered to him by several of the new South American states, the rulers of which had formed so exalted an opinion of Bentham from his works, that they besought the "utilitarian philosopher" to give them the constitutions by which their lands were to be governed: these were accordingly duly made out, despatched, and adopted; and thus a private gentleman of England, even there hardly known as "great" beyond his own circle, became the invited lawgiver to an immense portion of the vast and far-distant American continent. Yet it is probable that after all these honours had been rendered him, there were still remaining in his native country many tolerably well-informed persons who would have been ready to echo, on hearing his name, the question which Captain William Parry put to Doctor Bowring when he invited him to Queen Square Place to breakfast—"Who the devil is Mr. Bentham? I never heard of him before."

This indifference to the merits of the great modern writer on legislation, has, perhaps, been chiefly dispelled by the effect of the vast reputation which he has acquired on the continent. The respectful visits which were paid him a few months ago by Sismonde de Sismondi and Talleyrand, evinced that this homage was by no means the tribute of ordinary minds, and in fact, the history of his writings and of the manner in which some of the most famous of them were edited and published, is a proof that Mr. Bentham's genius had the power of obtaining a singular ascendancy over those with whom he came in contact.

At the time of his death Mr. Bentham was in his eighty-fifth year. Thirty-nine years before, in 1793, Brissot, the celebrated French republican, described him, in

his memoirs, in terms of enthusiasm. "If the reader," he says, "has ever endeavoured to picture to his imagination those rare men whom Heaven sometimes sends upon the earth to console mankind for their sufferings, and who, under the imperfections of the human form, conceal the brightness of an ethereal nature,—such men, for example, as Howard or Benezet,—he may, perhaps, conceive some idea of my friend Bentham: candour in his countenance, mildness in his looks, serenity on his brow, calmness in his language, coolness in his movements, imperturbability united with the keenest feelings—such are his qualities. In describing Howard to me one day, he described himself."

"I frequently visited him," he adds, "in his chambers in Lincoln's Inn Fields. It should be observed that in London, when any person intends to follow the profession of the law, he takes lodgings in some one of those quarters which are set apart, as it were, for barristers and attorneys. Bentham had selected this profession, not with the design of practising it, and acquiring honours or gaining money, but for the purpose of penetrating to the roots of those defects in the jurisprudence of England, (a labyrinth through the intricacies of which none but a lawyer can penetrate,) which he wished to expose and reform, and which the majority of the profession assiduously wrapped up in mystery, because they derived their subsistence from the confusion and ignorance of the people. Having descended to the bottom of this Trophonian cave, Bentham was desirous, before proposing his reforms, of rendering himself familiar with the criminal jurisprudence of the other nations of Europe—a prodigious undertaking! But what difficulties can deter the man who is actuated by a desire to promote the public good? The greater number of these codes were accessible only in the languages of the nations they governed. Bentham successively acquired nearly the whole of these languages. He spoke French well; understood the Italian, the Spanish, and the German;—and I saw him acquire the Swedish and the Russian. When he had examined all these ruins of Gothic law, and collected his materials, he endeavoured to construct a regular plan of criminal jurisprudence, founded entirely upon humanity, reason, and the nature of things; and it was to this great undertaking that he had for ten years devoted every day of his life. His time was distributed in a regular manner, like that of Kirwan: on rising in the morning he walked out for two or three hours in the fields, after which he returned to his chambers, and breakfasted alone; he then gave himself up to his favourite employment until four o'clock, at which hour he went to dine at his father's house. Although his father was opulent, Bentham lived like a young man of the most ordinary fortune, devoting the savings produced by this rigid economy to the gratification of his insatiable passion for books."

At the time of Brissot's acquaintance with Bentham, he had been long before the public. His first work, a three-and-sixpenny

pamphlet, entitled "A Fragment on Government; being an Examination of what is delivered on the Subject in Blackstone's Commentaries," appeared in 1776—six-and-fifty years ago. It was followed by a numerous array of pamphlets, some on the transitory topics of the day, some, like the "Defence of Usury," on subjects of perpetual and universal interest, but none of these attracted that attention which they have been since acknowledged to deserve. In 1791 a larger publication was ventured on—"Panopticon, or, the Inspection House, containing the idea of a new principle of Construction, applicable to any Place of Confinement." With a copy of this production, in three small volumes, he presented the French Convention, who returned the compliment by conferring on him the title of Citizen of France. "But it is not such thanks," says Brissot, "that can confer genuine satisfaction on this benefactor of humanity. The adoption of his views is the proper way to thank him. Alas! how keenly must Bentham regret that they should hitherto be a prey to oblivion."

From this oblivion they were destined to be drawn by the admiration of another talented foreigner. The transactions of the year 1781, memorable in the annals of Geneva, had driven from his country a young Genevese, who, after a visit to Russia, where Bentham also had travelled, (in company with his brother Sir Samuel Bentham, then in the service of the Empress Catherine,) was invited to England to become tutor in the family of Lord Shelburne, afterwards Marquis of Lansdown. Bentham had written a work in French, and desired a friend to ask Dumont's opinion on the style, without informing him who was the author. Dumont answered frankly that the French was full of faults and barbarisms, and disfigured a work which was otherwise very good. A few days afterwards Bentham came to him in the midst of a numerous company, took him by the hand, and thanked him, with a hearty laugh for his candour.

A friendship commenced between Dumont and Bentham, which led to as singular an arrangement as any recorded in the annals of authorship. Dumont's talents as a writer were universally recognised.—Bentham, always eager to pursue the train of his ideas, found it troublesome to arrange them so as to present them in proper order to the public. Dumont sedulously applied himself to compose from the loose papers on which his friend had noted down the course and result of his inquiries, a regular and methodical system of jurisprudence such as it existed in Bentham's mind, and was developed in his conversation. In 1802 appeared in London, in three volumes octavo, "A Treatise on Civil and Penal Legislation," written in the French language on this plan by Dumont. Its success was great, and it has ever since been quoted as in a manner to the science of jurisprudence, what Smith's "Wealth of Nations" is to political economy.

From this time, for a long series of years, the same singular scheme was carried on. On subjects of purely English interest, Je-

remy Bentham still composed and published pamphlets in the English language—while for any thing of permanent importance his admirers were compelled to look in the volumes which every now and then made their appearance in French, under the editorship of Dumont. The Genevese was frequently exhorted by his friends to make use of his well-known abilities in adorning his own ideas, but he still remained constant to the task he had imposed on himself of interpreting the thoughts of another. In 1810 he sent forth the "Theory of Punishments and Rewards;" in 1815 and 1822 the "Tactics of Legislative Assemblies;" in 1823 the "Treatise on Judicial Proof;" in 1828 a volume on "Codification." In 1829 Dumont died at Geneva, where he had then for some time resided, leaving behind him some valuable original works. Amongst others the "Recollections of Mirabeau," and some hitherto-unpublished Travels in Sweden and Ireland, which he could never spare time enough from his labours on Bentham to prepare for publication.

These works of Dumont procured Bentham a splendid reputation on the Continent, which the productions he himself gave to the English press at the same time were hardly found to deserve. His "Treatise on Usury," and his other early publications, were written with singular neatness and spirit; but when he consented that Dumont should take out of his hands the business of writing his own works, he seems to have given away also the faculty of doing it with effect. His writings from that time are distinguished by a singularity of style, which furnished his opponents with an easy handle for ridicule. The titles of two recent ones—"A Dispatch-Court Proposal," and "Official Aptitude Maximized—Expense Minimized," sufficiently exemplify the manner in which they are written.

Mr. Bentham, however, at length, grew tired of publishing temporary pamphlets, and for the larger works which, towards the close of his life, imparted his views to the English public, he again employed the assistance of editors. His "Observations on the Restrictive and Prohibitory Commercial System," were arranged from his manuscripts by Dr. Bowring. The largest work of all, the "Rationale of Judicial Evidence," in five thick volumes, octavo, appeared under the superintendence of Mr. Mill. The same gentleman, we believe, took upon himself the trouble of translating back into English, from the French of Dumont, part of what Bentham had sent Dumont in English, to be translated into French, occasionally inserting such parts of the original, as had returned into Mr. Bentham's possession. In addition to all these labours, Mr. Bentham is understood to have taken no small share in the editorship of the periodical which was established nearly ten years ago, for the express purpose of advocating his principles,—*The Westminster Review*.

In the publication of these works, and the execution of new ones, Mr. Bentham attained to a happy old age. On the 6th of June, 1832, he breathed his last; and it is

said, that his dying moments were cheered by the news of the passing of the Reform Bill. Mr. Bentham has been declared to have spent an eminently fortunate life—perhaps we may also esteem him fortunate in the time of his death, since, had he lived another day, he must have received the news of the desperate insurrection at Paris, which seems likely to bring about events by no means favourable to the liberty of a country, whose welfare he had much at heart.

In addition to his private fortune, Mr. Bentham was in the receipt of a yearly sum as bencher of Lincoln's Inn, and was in the habit of taking the usual oaths, although such a course was rather contrary to the principles professed in his pamphlet, of "Swear Not at All." Though a strenuous opposer of the Church of England, and Church of Englandism, and the reputed author of a somewhat sceptical pamphlet, entitled "Not Paul, but Jesus," he was likewise an M. A. of Queen's College, Cambridge. Mr. B. left no issue, but had been married to Mrs. Abbott, who was, by a former husband, the mother of the late speaker of the House of Commons, afterwards Lord Colchester.

In his will, Mr. Bentham has left his body to his friend Dr. Southwood Smith, for the express purpose of dissection. To Dr. Bowring, for twelve years his most intimate friend, he has bequeathed his share in *The Westminster Review*, and a sufficient sum to publish a complete and uniform edition of his works. His manuscripts are left to various intimate friends; and to a number of others mourning rings, with a lock of hair in remembrance of the testator. In the list we observe the names of General Lafayette, of Albany Fonblanque, the editor of *The Examiner*; of Mrs. Austin, the translator of Prince Puckler Muskau, &c. &c. &c. The residuary legatee is Mr. Bentham's nephew, the son of his lately deceased brother, Sir Samuel.

The works of Mr. Bentham have acquired him an extensive fame; his conversation is reported to have been still more acute and entertaining. There were many around Mr. B. who entertained for him the same blind admiration that Boswell felt towards Johnson. It is to be hoped that, in this case, as in that, the public may reap the benefit of the enthusiasm, and be enabled, by some honest chronicler, to appreciate the justice of the high eulogiums which have been bestowed upon the conversational powers of this distinguished "spirit of the age."

The year 1832 is apparently destined to become as remarkable for the deaths of eminent persons, as the year 1769 for their births. The East India newspapers bring us word of the death of Derozio, the Creole poet of Hindoostan; the French, of Abel Remusat, the distinguished Oriental scholar, and translator of the Chinese novel of Iu-Kiao-Li, or the Two Cousins. To this list must also be added the name of Charles Butler, the well-known Catholic barrister, who died last week, in his eighty-third year.

Should there fortunately occur a dearth of this kind of intelligence, we shall, perhaps, give a somewhat longer account of these distinguished characters.

June, 1832.

H.

POETRY.

PICTURE OF LIFE.

Oh! Life, thou hast been called a flow'ry way,
Where joy's bright roses greet us as we stray;
Where on the lips bright radiant smiles are seen,
And with a brow where sorrow has not been.
They knew thee not, who thus thy portrait drew,
They would have drawn thee with a darker hue,
Or if they traced a smile, some hand was near
To blot the flatt'ring picture with a tear. H. D.

LINES

On Mr. Young's retiring from the Stage, Wednesday,
30th May, A.D. 1832.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CARACTACUS."

"The last of all the Romans, fare thee well!"

ON Avon's banks this night a spirit moaned:
It was the bard of nature from his rest
Returned—for half his immortality
Hangs in abeyance; half his world of fancy dies—
The nobler half—a temporary death.
Roscius retires! Fame weeps and sleeps—and till
Another like him shall arise, the bard
Shall be but most unmeritedly sung.
Histrions a royal Richard have portrayed,
And wrought Othello's doubts, and told the hate
Of Shylock, with unearthly energy.
But who, in silver notes, could personate
The philosophic Dane like Young—like him
Whose voice was music's sweetness when it speaks
Of love or pity—and whose declamation,
In quick transition and melodious change,
From calmest feeling unto loftiest passion,
Rose from the lute's terse treble to the trumpet sound,
The brazen diapason of the band?
None could with rich-toned accents charm the sense
Of aural pleasure with diviner sounds.
He knew not in his latter day a peer
To envy, emulate, or imitate!
Where shall we seek Inigo's plausibility;
Where look for Pierre, magnanimous in crime;
Where look for Wolsey—Wolsey as he fell,
All tears and eloquence! but in the pictures
That he has painted on our memories?
Who now shall dare exultingly to raise
The yell of triumph and revenge—and tread
"On haughty Spain and all her kings?" Who now
Shall fold the classic robe and look the god;
Who now assume the mind's ascendancy—
The manly front—the awful brow—the glance
That withereth ambition, and the scorn
Of adulation, avarice, and fame
Which marked the high-souled Roman from the rest?
Return, return!—though "few and far between"
Thy visits be,—resume thine "inky cloak!"
Again give virtue's semblance to the guilt
Of Pierre and Zanga! Wolsey robe again!
Let Brutus' tongue proclaim a Caesar's death,
And send the voice of freedom forth again!
Still should'st thou reign: we would not see another
Usurp the toga that is thine alone.

SCIENCE AND ART.

EXTIRPATING THE STUMPS OF TREES IN NEW SOUTH WALES.

(New Method, as described by Sir John Jamison to the Agricultural and Horticultural Society of New South Wales, and for which the Society of Arts have given their Gold Medal.)

In the early part of 1825, 600 acres of forest timber were felled nearly adjoining my house at Regent Ville, and remained untouched until September, 1828, when about thirty labourers were employed to grub up the stumps and to burn off the timber. But, on trial, the long drought had rendered the ground so hard, that hoes and spades made such slow progress in clearing the earth from the roots, and the dry and hardened state of the wood made the execution of, by means of axes, so laborious and tedious in barking and sapping the

stumps and cutting the roots, that this usual method of burning out the stumps was abandoned. But as the above extent of forest was felled for a park and pleasure grounds, and not intended for agricultural purposes, I determined to get clear of the unsightly appearance of the stumps, by burning them off to the surface of the earth with the felled timber which surrounded them.

As an experiment, twenty acres were ordered to be cross-burnt in the customary way, with riders, into convenient lengths, which, owing to the dry state of the timber, was completed with ease and expedition. A considerable number of logs were directed to be rolled close round each stump, and when completed the entire twenty acres were set fire to on the same evening. The following morning about one-third of the whole stumps had burnt out even to the extreme points of the roots, many feet under the ground; and as the whole were in regular course of consumption, a few men were left to attend to the fires when necessary. Thus, in four or five days, ninety-nine stumps with their roots, out of every hundred, were burnt most perfectly without the use of a cross-cut saw, spade, or axe; and, by this method, more than double the extent of work was performed, and in a much more complete manner, than any other mode hitherto followed could have effected, and certainly with much less bodily labour. This plan was persevered in until upwards of 400 acres were cleared, and the stumps were burnt out in a much more perfect manner than had been before experienced. Some of our honorary members, vice presidents, and many members of the society, witnessed the progress and effect of the above method of clearing felled forest timber; and as the plan is generally well known and adopted in this neighbourhood, its saving of labour, and many advantages must soon bring it into general use.

It may be necessary to offer some further remarks in illustration of this method of felling and clearing tracts of forest land in the way described. The soil of the 400 acres cleared was argillaceous, combined with a red vegetable mould, which might be considered of a middling quality of forest ground. The felled timber consisted of iron-bark, box, stringy-bark, gum, and apple tree, so that it was a perfectly mixed forest. The apple and box tree stumps burned out with the greatest facility and expedition; the iron-bark next, and the gum and stringy-bark slowest. The last, however, burnt out perfectly, though some of them required more fuel and attention than the former.

I have also to observe, that the wood was felled at that period of the summer when the sap was raised from the roots to the trunks of the trees, to give growth and vigour to the branches and foilage. This is a period of much importance in the economy of clearing land of its forest, inasmuch as the tree is cut down when the stump is exhausted of a considerable portion of its vegetable sap, and, in consequence, the roots very generally die, and dry up the better for burning out. On the contrary,

when trees are felled in the winter, the stumps and roots are invigorated with the return sap, and the ensuing spring very commonly forces out shoots from the stumps and suckers from the roots, which keep them alive, and render them difficult to grub up or burn off; besides the additional labour necessary to destroy the young forest, which will spring up by using injudicious seasons in felling wood. It must likewise be acknowledged, that the two seasons of drought not only occasioned an unusual dryness of the timber, but of the earth also, which assisted the success of the plan of burning out the stumps. Besides this, the argillaceous mixture of the soil promoted the burning process; as the earth, ignited by the fire of the logs and stumps, continued its course until the extreme points of the roots were consumed. This experiment establishes a fact, that our former mode of opening the earth round the stump removed that quality of soil driest and best calculated to ignite and conduct the mutual burning influence of the wood and earth, so long as any of the former remained unconsumed. After the fall of rain, which took place in the middle of the month, the ground became so saturated and the timber so wet, that it was found the success of the plan would be retarded; therefore, during this state, the people were employed in rolling logs round the stumps, and after a few days of dry weather, the fires were again lighted, when they burned with the former facility.

The above experiment was tried on dead sapless stumps, situated on rich alluvial soil, where it answered to a degree to make me lament having burnt the wood off many hundred acres, and subjecting myself to the increased labour and expense of grubbing the stumps up by the roots, or drawing wood from a distance to burn them out from the surface.

I feel perfect confidence in the certain success of the method now described to you for clearing forest ground. It will always succeed if the timber has been cut down when the sap is up, and allowed to season from two to three years, when the stumps will be dead, and the timber dry and exhausted of its sap, so as to burn off in the radical way submitted to your notice. But the ground must be dry, and either of argillaceous or rich vegetable mould. Gravelly or sandy soil will not conduct the fire below the surface.

The economy of the plan will not be so available to new settlers, requiring a spot of cleared ground for immediate cultivation. They must, for the first year at least, follow the old, tedious, and expensive method of grubbing out the stumps or clearing the earth around them, cutting off the bark and the sap, to succeed in burning them out a requisite depth to allow the plough to work over them. But the felling at the proper season such tracts of forest as may be desired to be cleared, will, in the course of two or three years, enable them to adopt with facility the economy and expedition of the method recommended, which is not only important to be known and acted upon in this territory, but in the great forest wilds

throughout the globe, where civilized man desires to raise his bread.

Whilst on this subject, it may be well to explain another method which I have practised in progressively clearing forest pasturage land by felling the young sapling trees and wattles, and burning them and the unsightly standing dead skeleton trees with the quantity of dried felled timber so generally strewed over the forest tracts. Cutting down the young trees admits a freer circulation of air, and of the sun's rays, to sweeten and improve the quality of the herbage; and the quantity of food is considerably increased by clearing the naturally fallen trees and branches which are so plentifully scattered on the ground. And besides, burning off the decayed timber destroys many venomous reptiles, dangerous to man and beast; and that which is not the least reward of his plan is the beautiful and park-like appearance which it gives to an estate. The improved quality and quantity of food, following such a system of clearing would amply repay the labour it costs, and if followed up every third year, forest pasturage would be progressively made more valuable and ornamental, at an easy expense.

DIVIDING ENGINE.

The gold Isis medal and fifty guineas were presented to Mr. Andrew Ross, of St. John's Square, for his improved method of dividing astronomical and mathematical instruments, and for his circular dividing engine.

Among the arts which are necessary to produce accurate astronomical and mathematical instruments, that of dividing, being one of the greatest importance, has, since the time of the earliest astronomers, been practised under various forms in its progress towards perfection.

The first method of which we have any correct account is that by beam compasses; these were employed by Graham, Sisson, and Bird. Graham and Sisson obtained the chord of the arc of 63° from the radius, and completed the number of divisions on the quadrant by bi-, tri-, and quinquesection. Bird computed the chords of such arcs so that when taken from an accurate scale of equal parts, and marked upon the quadrant in their proper order, he obtained the point of $85\text{--}20$, and then completed the number of divisions by continual bisection.

In the interim, Hook and Roemer practised other methods widely differing from the above, and from each other. Hook's method consisted in racking the quadrant with an endless screw. Several trials of this were made at the Greenwich observatory, but the method was found defective, and was soon abandoned. The method of Roemer was, stepping a fixed distance throughout the whole of his arc, the distance being so proportioned to the radius of the arc that it was very nearly equal to one of the smaller divisions required; the total length of the arc in this case being disregarded, as any number of divisions were converted into degrees and minutes by a table calculated for the purpose. This method has defects which render it useless, because any error

arising from the inclination of the dotted points or the porosity of the metal, is chargeable upon the whole arc, so that no dependence could be placed on the result; for his table supposes the whole arc to be truly divided.

About the time of Bird, the Duc de Chaulnes published a method of dividing by micrometer microscopes, and several temporary pieces of brass having divisions upon them. Two microscopes, having cross wires in the foci of their eye-glasses, were fixed to a frame, and considered as the points of a pair of beam compasses; these were extended to a diameter of the circle, and two of the temporary pieces of brass were attached to the circle by means of wax underneath the microscopes, so that the divisions bisected the crosses in them; then the circle was moved half round, and, if required, the position of the micrometers and pieces of brass was changed, and the operation repeated until they were diametrically opposite. A cutting-point was then placed over one division and a fixed microscope over the other, so that when any division was brought to bisect the cross in the microscope, the cutting-point made one diametrically opposite. By the process of trial and adjustment with bisections and trisections, the circle was divided into spaces of 10° ; then, by obtaining the arc of 9° , by trial in the arc of 180° , the circle can be divided into spaces of 1° , and by similar means into similar spaces if required.

Ramsden's method of dividing consists in the use of the beam compasses as employed by Bird, and the method of the Duc de Chaulnes combined. The circle is first divided by the beam compasses, and the position of the dots accurately ascertained by means of microscopes, and corrected accordingly, by pressing the dots with the points backwards or forwards by the hand. This method is capable of a great degree of accuracy, but is tedious in the extreme.

The next great improvement was effected by Mr. E. Troughton, in whose hands the art has arrived at a high degree of exactness; but there are various difficulties in the application and construction of the apparatus, which it has been the object of Mr. Ross to avoid, by adopting principles perfectly independent of mechanical action, and governed only by vision, aided by the most powerful optical means.

The roller used by Mr. Troughton is wholly rejected, and the apparatus employed is so constructed, that the character of the circle to be divided, whether slightly porous or defective, does not affect the accuracy of the operation. The method of cutting the original divisions is simple and rapid, and in number they scarcely exceed one-third of those employed by Mr. Troughton; thus reducing the labour of observation and computation, while a great practical convenience is gained by making each original division a division of the circle. The construction of the apparatus is firm, and its motion free from elasticity and friction; and when once adjusted, the accuracy of the divisions depends entirely upon the permanence of

certain parts, which are so secured as to prevent the possibility of derangement. From the time of cutting the original divisions to the completion of the operation, the circle is free from any attachments of dividing apparatus, and is only viewed through the microscope, so that the ultimate dependence is upon vision.

FINE ARTS.

MARMADUKE TRATTLE'S COLLECTION OF COINS AND MEDALS.

THE first portion (occupying ten days,) of this celebrated collection, now selling by Mr. Sotheby and Son, closed on Saturday last, the result of which clearly proves that, notwithstanding the great depreciation of every thing connected with the fine arts, this kind of literary property has not in any way been deteriorated. Mr. M. Trattle was one of the largest private purchasers at the famous Tyssen collection, sold by Messrs. Leigh and Sotheby in 1800, which collection produced the sum of $8655\text{ }11\text{ }8\text{d}$. Since then, he has availed himself of every opportunity of enriching his collection. He privately purchased the principal part of his Roman gold and silver coins, from the splendid cabinet of Lord Northwick; the dispersed collections of Sir Richard Sullivan, Philip Newe, Ralph Willett, Thomas Brand Hollis, Sir Mark M. Sykes, Thomas Dimsdale, John Trether Brockett, and of numerous others, sold within the last twenty years, tended to make his collection the most extensive and distinguished in this country; and it is singular to observe that, notwithstanding Mr. Trattle gave, what in those times were considered enormous prices, those very same coins and medals have, in many instances, doubled and trebled their original cost. A few specimens of the prices, may not be unacceptable to the lovers of history and the fine arts. Among the *Roman, gold*:—Julius, reverse, Mark Anthony, $25\text{ }10\text{ }s$.: ditto, reverse, Augustus, $15\text{ }1$.; Mark Anthony, reverse, Augustus, $10\text{ }15\text{ }s$. Otho—"Securitas," $8\text{ }7\text{ }s\text{ }6\text{d}$.; ditto, marked P. R. $8\text{ }12\text{ }s\text{ }6\text{d}$.; Domitilla, reverse, Vespasian, $29\text{ }10\text{ }s$. *Greek cities in gold*:—Brutti, head of Neptune, $12\text{ }17\text{ }s$.; Ephesus, obverse, head of Diana, $9\text{ }10\text{ }s$.; Cyrene, the Silphium, before the head of a Lion, weight, 266 grains, $32\text{ }1$.; the Syracusan medalion, $8\text{ }15\text{ }s$. Among the *English, gold*:—Richard III. angel, $7\text{ }1$.; Henry VII. sovereign, $20\text{ }10\text{ }s$.; Mary's half angel, $6\text{ }8\text{ }s\text{ }6\text{d}$.; William and Mary's five-guinea piece, $14\text{ }10\text{ }s$. *English, silver*:—Elizabeth's shilling, date 1588, with ornamented shield, $13\text{ }15\text{ }s$.; ditto, without the shield, $10\text{ }5\text{ }s$.; the esurgat crown of James I. $15\text{ }15\text{ }s$.; Charles I. half-crown, first coinage, $7\text{ }1$.; ditto, representing the king riding full speed, $14\text{ }14\text{ }s$. The English medals brought, throughout, great prices, many of them being of the finest class. We understand, that a great many of the most curious were purchased for the British Museum.

MUSIC.

THE KING'S THEATRE.

WE understand that M. Meyerbeer took very much to heart his having been *sifflé* at our English theatres, and looked forward with peculiar anxiety to his justification on the boards of the King's Theatre. *Robert le Diable* was produced "for the first time in this country," with remarkable—perhaps unprecedented success, on Monday last, only three months after two operas had been produced and damned at Drury Lane and Covent Garden Theatres, "with the whole of the music in Meyerbeer's celebrated *Robert le Diable*!" Can any more glaring instance of the unprotected condition of genius, and the barefaced dishonesty of those who pretend to cater for the public, than this, be adduced?—Meyerbeer's *Robert le Diable* was condemned at two theatres in April last, and in the June following is eminently successful! We will leave Mr. Mason and the law of copyright out of the question, and merely consider the hardship of the case to the composer, or original manufacturer, with the desire of proving the necessity for the immediate revision of the laws relating to the property in man's mind. If a man is born to a title or estate, the law protects him in that title or estate, and no power on earth can wrest it from him;—so much for material property, with immaterial wealth it is not so;—a man is born gifted with, or subsequently acquires, certain talents or powers, and the law does not protect him in their profit or use;—for he that has no more wit than what suffices to make a rogue may rob him of the reward of his labours, and despoil him of that fame which is his very title-deed to respect and fortune!—And why is this discrepancy in our legal code? The answer is too evident;—none perceive the necessities of a case, so clearly as those who are personally concerned in it.—The laws are made chiefly by men of wealth and title, and accordingly wealth and title are very industriously secured.—Talk to them of the protection and the rights of talent, they will not understand you.—And why should they?—But we are digressing;—so to return to *Robert le Diable*, and its composer. It happens that M. Meyerbeer is an amateur gentleman of independent property, consequently, fame was all that he looked to in the success of his opera; its failure, therefore, would only be a disappointment, and discredit upon his reputation, from which, time and perseverance might relieve him. Had he, on the contrary, been a man doomed to "live by his wits,"—(mysterious, precarious state of being!) it might have been of more serious consequence to him;—they would have forged his name, purloined and disfigured his music, and so produced it in direct defiance of the most urgent entreaties and remonstrances;—the result would have been a failure, and with the loss of fame, the poor composer must have lost, also, those means of subsistence his talents should have procured him,—and still is there no law to save him!

Robert le Diable, as performed on Mon-

day night, is, without doubt, the most complete and magnificent display ever made through the medium of the stage. As a musical work, it is one of the richest and most original produced in modern times;—in its execution perfectly given;—as a drama it is interesting and well conducted;—as a spectacle it is beyond comparison with any thing that has gone before it; the number of individuals concerned in it being enormous, and their grouping and costume classically correct and picturesque; whilst the scenery, which we put last for the purpose of especial remark, is on a scale of extensive and substantial grandeur never before attempted. Having said this in general, we proceed to a few passing remarks on each or any of these particulars, indiscriminately as they occur.

The first act is laid in the tent of *Robert*, with his military friends and attendants around; and the music, with one or two exceptions, is of a martial or chivalrous character. It opens with a drinking chorus, of a bold and stirring quality, which is interrupted by the entrance of *Raimbeau*, who sings a truly characteristic ditty, with a peculiar and original accompaniment, recording the untoward marriage of the Demon with *Robert's* mother, which is laughed at by the camp, and irritates *Robert*, who threatens the unfortunate peasant with punishment; then the entrance of *Alice*, the latter's intended, who sues for mercy, but is roughly treated and roughly threatened, in a bold jog-trot chorus by the knights. After this comes the sweet and touching address of *Robert's* unfortunate mother, which awakens all his affectionate and impassioned feelings,—but is interrupted by the entrance of *Bertram*, at the recognition of whose feature *Alice* starts, and falters. The next incident is the gambling scene, which is one of the most striking and highly-coloured in the whole performance. It commences with a gay and reckless song, about the uselessness of gold, ("*L'or est une chimère*,") and, by degrees, rises as he successively loses all his money, his collar, his sword, and his horses, into a frenzy of excitement, he being all the time encouraged by the fiend *Bertram*, who maliciously re-echos his former thoughtless song; the act closing in highly-wrought confusion.

The transition in the second act, to the apartment in the palace of the King of Sicily, with the beautiful garden-perspective, and the introduction of *Isabella*, are very judicious. The music, too, breathes the impassioned and graceful strain of love and gaiety;—of which the duet "*Avec bonté voyez ma peine*," and "*Mon cœur s'élance et palpite*," a wild and appropriate finale, are the most striking; the chorus of chevaliers, with *timpani obbligati*, is novel and effective, the ballet music, being also worthy of remark. This divertissement is highly classical and appropriate, and is beautifully dressed;—*Héberlé* delighted us more than ever, she seems to have taken our friendly advice of last week, and gave a variety of new steps with wonderful grace and activity. Her imitation of the attitudes in archery was a perfect picture.

Another change marks the third act, which opens with the gloomy ruins on the rocks of St. Irene, with the entrance to the regions infernal on "the first turning to the right." With respect to the propriety and effectiveness of the famous "*Demon's Chorus*," we think there may well be a difference of opinion, though it is undoubtedly a bold and original conception. To imitate the character of demoniac sounds may certainly be within the means of musical science, but can only be effected by the force of combination and striking dissonance;—for the execution must still be through human organs, and any attempt to introduce the *bona fide* tongues and throats of fallen spirits must prove a burlesque, and fail accordingly. In the present case, we cannot see that, in the simple *motivo*, Meyerbeer has sufficiently called upon the mysteries of his art; for, though the accompaniments are startling and wild enough, the simple air is as homely and good-humoured a strain, as any honest set of devils might be supposed to spout over their fourth bottle. It is sung or roared through large speaking-trumpets, to be sure; but the noise is unmeaning, and like nothing but that of a speaking-trumpet after all. The next scene, still in the same act, is the interior of the Ruined Cloisters by moonlight; a most extensive and admirably conceived representation, looking as large as the reality. In this are introduced the re-animation of the nuns, their ballet, &c., in which *Héberlé* again exerts herself with increased effect, and succeeds in fascinating her audience, as well as the poor deluded *Robert*.

In the fourth act we have the Apartment of the Princess, with the rude entrance of *Robert*, who comes, armed with the mystic branch, to take forcible possession of her. The scene-painter has judiciously introduced a wide and lofty flight of steps, on which the chorus, &c. who are to form a motionless group, are displayed to the very best advantage. The reproachful and pathetic address of *Isabella*,—"Robert toi que j'aime," is one of the most charming morceaux that we have yet heard fall from *Madame Cinti's* lips; and the duet is also pleasing.

The fifth act gives us, first, a Vestibule in the Cathedral of Palermo, with a penitential chorus of monks; after which, come *Robert*, *Bertram*, and *Alice*, who have now before them the most arduous scene in the whole performance. The satanic *Bertram* having reduced his son to the utmost abyss of poverty, misery, and dishonour, hopes to induce him to sacrifice himself to his own accursed fate. He is on the point of succeeding when the organ and religious chaunt from the interior of the cathedral are heard, and *Alice* declares unto him the warning testament of his dying mother. The conflict of his feelings, and his struggle against the evil power, together with the wonderful variety and combination of the music, produce a most harrassing effect, and the change to the altar and choir of the cathedral, with the soothing music to which the

curtain falls, leaves the spectator lost in astonishment and delight.

We have gone to such lengths that what we add must be with brevity. With all its excellence, the opera is, physically speaking, too long; no human ears or attention can do justice to fine music after having been six hours exposed to the glare and bustle of a theatre; the recitative, especially, might well be subject to the good offices of a judicious pair of scissors. The acting of Nourrit and Levasseur is excellent, though that of the former is very artificial. The sardonic and quiet grin of the latter, must be seen to be appreciated;—it beats O. Smith to nothing, being entirely free, besides, from that stupid leer, which in our English devil is so disgusting. The music is of the true French school,—striking, animated, and full of grand effects, the instrumentation being elaborate and masterly;—but from beginning to end, there is not that deep soul of feeling, which in Beethoven's *Fidelio*, for instance, is so enchanting. The distribution of the stage business is beyond all praise, and reflects the highest credit upon the ingenuity and industry of Mr. Broad, who superintends that department;—the scenery is certainly on a scale of magnificence surpassing anything that has before been done, and may almost speak for itself and Mr. Grieve, from whose clever and inventive hand it proceeds. The applause was tremendous at the fall of the curtain.

THE DRAMA.

COVENT GARDEN.

Friday.—The Hunchback; the Tartar Witch.

Saturday.—No Performance.

Monday.—The Quaker; Artaxerxes; the Padlock.

Tuesday.—The Hunchback; Clari.

Wednesday.—The Slave; Black Eyed Susan.

Thursday.—The Hunchback; the Tartar Witch.

HAYMARKET.

Friday.—Othello; John Jones; the Rencontre.

Saturday.—No Performance.

Monday.—King Lear; John Jones; Peeping Tom.

Tuesday.—Lodgings for Single Gentlemen; Spring and Autumn; Separation and Reparation; Frightened to Death.

Wednesday.—New Way to Pay Old Debts; Three Weeks after Marriage; Green-Eyed Monster.

Thursday.—The Road to Ruin; the Boarder; No Song, no Supper.

A NEW farce of small but droll materials was produced on Thursday at the Haymarket, under the title of *The Boarder*. The "Boarder" is enacted by Mr. Farren, who well depicts the miseries of infernal lodging houses, where unhappy bachelors are "taken in and done for." As usual, he takes an active part in bringing about a love-affair for a friend, in which, after much and laughable confusion, he succeeds. Time and space only permit us to add, that the piece met with a very favourable reception.

MINORS.

SADLER'S WELLS.—The new proprietors commenced their season on Whit-Monday, to a full holiday house. The first piece was a new one, or rather a fresh importation from Paris, the adapter of which—we believe, Mr. Buckstone—has not even taken the trouble to translate the title; so that at

the Wells, hitherto considered an English theatre, we are "respectfully invited" to see *Eugénie; or, La Place du Palais*; a very English title, to be sure! The piece itself is one of those French sentimental hashes, which might just as well be left to die on the stage where they were brought forth. The cast was very strong; Mrs. Fitzwilliam, Miss Forde, and Miss Daly, representing the principal female characters; and Williams, Buckstone, Johnson, Campbell, and Andrews, the gentlemen.—The scenery, too, some of which is by Tomkins, was very good; and the piece, on the whole, tolerably successful. *The Cabinet Secret*, a burletta in which Mrs. Fitzwilliam sustains six characters with great spirit, and which was originally produced at the Royal Clarence, followed as an interlude; and the entertainments wound up with a pantomime, entitled *The Magician of the Ruby Mine*; got up to display the posturing talents of the grotesque triumvirate, Brown, Gibson, and King, and destitute of any novelty in the "tricks and transformations." All went off to the high delight of a very merry and "robustious" audience.

CLARENCE.—The new adventurers at the King's Cross Theatre are a bevy of performers from the late Sadler's Wells company, whose services have been abruptly dispensed with, in consequence of the altered arrangements at that house, by which the late managers of this have become the "ruling stars" of the older concern. "So full is this world of the strangest turns!" Messrs. J. R. Williams, Starmer, Matthews, and Villiers, are the leaders of the expedition, and contrived to get their forces in the field as soon as the enemy could commence operations; and, if the promise of a first night can be depended on, with good hope of success. The performances, as might be expected, were not very redolent of novelty; *The Maid of Genoa*, and *The Rendezvous*, forming part of them; but that is a defect which may be remedied as soon as the managers have time to "turn themselves." They also promise to strengthen their company by a succession of stars, so as at least to deserve, and, we hope, to obtain, the good fortune of their predecessors.

SURREY.—*Hofier, the Tell of the Tyrol*, is the chief Whitsuntide magnet. The plot of the drama is very slight, but the author seems to have expected to make up for every deficiency by the aptitude of his political allusions, in which he was not disappointed. This is a wretched method of catching the applause of the multitude. Osbaldiston, as *Hofier*, and Mrs. West, as the wife of the patriot, displayed some good acting. Two other new pieces, *Hallowmas Eve*, and an unmeaning spectacle, with all the well-remembered features of that class of "novelties," made up the rest of the performances.

COBURG.—*The Ebon Wand, or the Charmed Man and the Charming Woman*, is the Whitsun piece at this house. The plot may be pretty well guessed at from the title,—a magicianess, who exerts her magic power in a variety of shapes, in the vain endeavour to secure the affections of a mortal man, (for,

though "charming" in one sense, she is not by any means in another,) is the "moving power" of the whole. Her doings, of course, give an opportunity of introducing a variety of splendid scenery, and some amusing transformations,—rather of the pantomimic order, which gave intense satisfaction in the higher regions.

ASTLEY'S.—*Mazeppa*, the "hit" of last season, has recommenced his "ghastly ride" with every prospect of having to repeat it "every evening till further notice." Another old favourite, *The High-Mettled Racer* has also begun to act over again his well-known career. Next week, we suppose, we shall have the greatest favourite of all—*The Battle of Waterloo*, and then, "tomorrow for fresh fields and pastures new." In the meanwhile, the affairs of the Amphitheatre go on swimmingly—an overflow every night.

At the PAVILION, which now reigns sole monarch of the drama at the east end, (since the closing of the GARRICK, which is now only open occasionally for a benefit,) the attraction was a new melo-drama, called *Roderick of Otterscliff*, which, we believe, may safely be pronounced a *bona fide* novelty of English manufacture. At the QUEEN'S, where Madame Vestris has just concluded a short engagement, without the expected effect in replenishing the treasury,—the *Brigand* was imported from Drury Lane. It is a pity that this unfortunate theatre is not better patronized; it has been conducted, since Easter, with unwearied spirit.—The CITY lies dormant, Webster having gone to his Haymarket engagement, after having lost to the tune of 200l. by the speculation, in a few weeks.—Mrs. Waylett, at the STRAND, made no particular exertion for the holidays, but relied on the attraction of the pieces already produced, and of a lively burletta, by Buckstone, (from the French of course,) which, under the title of *The Best of Husbands*, was brought out last week, and well received.

MISCELLANEA.

Sir Walter Scott.—"Last week Sir Walter Scott left this city, intending to return to Abbotsford by way of Florence, Venice, Munich, Stuttgart, Frankfort, Cologne, Holland, and England. On the whole, his residence in Italy has been very beneficial to him; though the effects of the severe paralytic stroke will probably never be wholly removed, as the lameness in his foot was much increased, and he speaks with difficulty. Those who are able perfectly to follow him as he speaks, soon perceive that the intellectual stream still flows in uninterrupted purity, rapidity, and strength. This is also proved by his activity: besides the work which he has already sent home, 'the Siege of Malta,' he is now putting the last hand to a Calabrian novel, 'Bizarro,' which is founded on the extraordinary adventures of a very formidable bandit chief. He greatly regrets the death of Goethe, because, as he expressed himself, 'he would have been so happy to see by his own fire-side the powerful genius on whom the world

turned.' Sir W. received an invitation to Weimar the very week that Goethe died. If he attended only to his health, he would return by sea; but he is drawn by an irresistible longing to the romantic mountains and antique castles that look down into the blue waves of Father Rhine."—*Rome, May 17, 1832.*

Guardian's Literary Intelligencer.

NEW BOOKS.

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